THE

NEW ÆRA;

OR,

Adventures of Julien Delmour:

RELATED BY HIMSELF.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY MADAME DE GENLIS.

Il ne faut point mettre un ridicule où il n'y en a point: c'est se gâter le goût, c'est corrompre son jugement et celui des autres. Mais le ridicule qui est quelque part, il faut l'y voir, l'en tirer avec grâce et d'une manière qui plaise et qui instruise. *Caractères de la Bruyère.*

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THE NEW ÆRA

OR

ADVENTURES

OF

JULIEN DELMOUR,



WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER I.

Julien arrives in Sweden.—The Viscount prepares to depart for Russia. He receives the first news of the disturbances in France.—Departure of the Viscount and Abbé for St. Petersburg.—Julien's conduct after their departure—News from France.

I WAS anxiously expected at Stockholm, where the Viscount received me with open arms. I brought him good news from all his family, and of his child, the

pretty little Octavia, whom I had left in perfect health, and in the careful hands of her grandmother, the Marchioness d'Inglar; at last, I delivered the despatches, which announced to him, that he was to leave an obscure post, for a splendid embassy. His gratitude to Madam de Palmis was extreme, and the more so, as I assured him, he owed all she had done on this occasion, to her great esteem for him, and her friendship to Edelie. We were closeted together for several hours, for the purpose of talking of Paris, our friends and acquaintances. I did not wait for asking, to inform him, that the Duchess de Palmis was more beautiful than ever, or that she still continued all perfection. I added, that she had *affianced* her son Octavius to Octavia; indeed, she often sent him to the Marchioness d'Inglar's, and little Octavia, although she was only two years old, always manifested the greatest joy, whenever she saw him come; which gave occasion to Mademoiselle de

Versec's observing, that it was evident, they were formed by Providence for each other. This detail delighted Eusebius, who was never tired of making me repeat it.

Eusebius interested himself, in the most kind and friendly manner, relative to the favor obtained for me, by Madam de Palmis; although our separation would be extremely afflicting to him, as well as myself. Both him and the Abbé, gave me all the instructions and advice I required, and Eusebius recommended me, as if I had been his own brother, to the numerous friends he had already acquired. He was on the point of departure for Russia, when we received letters from France, that brought us the news of the first revolutionary movements; Eusebius was much alarmed, as may be easily conceived, because he did not believe, like many other persons of his rank, nor did he repeat, according to the assertion of Mr. Mercier, *that an insurrection, which could degenerate into*

*sedition, had become morally impossible.** The Abbé, from that instant, foresaw the revolution and a great part of its excesses; for he was aware of the *preparations!*... Generally speaking, said he, *changes* may be good, so great is our imperfection at present; but they are almost invariably dangerous from the extent to which they are desired. Where are those innovators who can stop in their career, when in possession of public approbation, which, in such cases, is only manifested by enthusiasm? Pride, alone, does not intoxicate: even gratitude has its fanaticism! In other respects, it is clear that a revolution, in whatever shape or point of view it is considered, can only be frightful and ruinous, when public morals no longer exist. An edifice is strong, when constructed on a rocky foundation, but not, if built on one of mud, or quicksands.

All these ideas, grieved us excessively,

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* Picture of Paris, Vol. 6.

and rendered our separation still more painful. After the departure of the Viscouut and Abbé, I became alarmed at the solitude of my new position, added to the idea of my responsibility, as *Chargé d'Affaires:* the Viscount had only left me a copyist, whom I found very useful. He was a young man of about thirty, named Garnier, possessing a good natural genius, much complaisance, and a degree of ambition, the more violent, from its being most carefully concealed. He had been valet-de-chambre to Eusebius, previous to our leaving Paris, during the last four years, and, as he wrote a very fine hand, and was particularly steady in his place, the Viscount, on his arrival at Stockholm, no longer employed him as a valet: so far from treating me with levity, or a familiar tone, Garnier tried every means in his power to please me, and soon succeeded, by shewing me all that respect, with which I had seen him behave to his master. If flat-

tery be dangerous to the great, who are, nevertheless, aware from their infancy, that they ought to mistrust it, how much more is it not to those, to whom it is never directly addressed. Garnier had merely been a diligent and faithful servant to Eusebius; to me, he was only a flatterer, and thus effectually won my good graces. He praised my astonishing talents to the skies, repeatedly insinuating, that they far surpassed those of Eusebius. This obsequious subaltern, also repeated all that was said of me, and, according to his account, that consisted of the most extravagant compliments. I excelled all mankind in learning, wit, and a turn for state affairs: I bewildered all the ladies, by my amiable manners, and fine person. He told me this, with so much simplicity, and in such minute details, as left me no room for doubting its veracity; besides, he had a way of expressing his admiration, which possessed all the appearance of sincerity!.... I now acquired, without perceiving it, a tone and manners, that

gave general disgust; and while I was stupified with the praises of my secretary, I was ridiculed by the very society, of which I imagined myself the most attractive object. There it was decided, and not without some truth, that the *Chargé d'Affaires* was a coxcomb: I was, however, very well liked by the subordinate classes, for I piqued myself on my *affability:* besides I was so flattered, to be addressed by memorials and petitions! the humble and flattering style of those who intreated my protection, appeared so affecting and eloquent; I thought myself so great, when, on passing through my antichamber, three, or four persons hastened to implore my justice or benevolence!.... The gratification, derived from all this vanity, deprived me, both of a temptation to be arrogant, and of being weary of solicitations. I was every day, attacked by all the French, at Stockholm; of this set, I chiefly distinguished, the most persevering, the most assiduous in paying their respects to me; that is to

say, the adventurers; who, too often, compromised me rather inconveniently; with the exception of the above weaknesses, I can truly say, that I have seen still more ridiculous upstarts than myself; for I did not, at least, treat any one with insolence or contempt, a charge which is but too often, and I fear too justly made against the diplomatic agents of the present day. Amidst all my foolish affectation, I performed my part so well, that, in about six or seven months, I received proofs of approbation from the Ministry. This was enough to make me suppose myself one of the first statesmen in Europe; and I, of course, formed a thousand ambitious projects. Garnier, my confidant, by a course of flattery, which had no longer any bounds, daily augmented my fantastic hopes, and besotted vanity; I now conceived that it would be very easy to obtain the confirmation of the post I then occupied only provisionally, and without the irksome word *interim*, remain in Sweden, no-

minated by my court. Such ready favor appeared to be so well merited by me, that I blushed at the title of *Chargé d'Affaires ad interim*, and with which I had been, at first, so highly flattered. Garnier told me, that he was convinced I might even obtain the title of *Minister Plenipotentiary;* after reflecting on his opinion, with all the self-sufficiency which he had himself inculcated, I could no longer doubt his opinion. Garnier then persuaded me to send him to Paris, to solicit the above favor, because he, alone, could give Madam de Palmis an idea of the high estimation in which I was held at Stockholm, on the supreme ascendancy it gave me in all public business. This idea appeared to be so strictly correct and ingenuous, that I despatched him in all haste with a letter for the Marchioness de Palmis. I calculated with so much certainty on my future fortune, that I had doubled my expenses. I gave elegant and costly entertainments; sometimes suppers and concerts; in

short, I took the airs of an Ambassador; this gave great pleasure to my acquaintance, though they laughed at me in private.

In the mean time, the revolutionists at Paris pursued their plans rapidly, without any other view than that of general destruction; thinking, that, when they had overturned or annihilated all, they might then occupy themselves tranquilly, and in mature reflexion, with the re-establishment of social order and calmly decide on that form of government and religion, (except the catholic), which might be fit *for the nation*; or if it would not be more profoundly wise and prudent to have none at all. The principal instigators of those great enterprizes of demolition, who were as yet hidden from public view, never troubled themselves about the prodigious labours, the reconstruction of an entirely new edifice, would necessarily require; they were fully persuaded, although they wished to employ only new materials,

that they would find them at hand, in the dust of that rubbish, with which they would soon be surrounded ; because independance and unbridled passions, must infallibly produce corruscations of genius, and lights of unerring reason. These wise notions had already produce a powerful influence on the fate of France ; but, from the distance at which I was placed, my information on those matters was naturally imperfect. From principles of patriotism and generosity, those persons who wrote to me, at first, saw in the Revolution only a happy reform of the most revolting abuses, arbitrary imprisonments, "*lettres-de-cachet*," game laws, odious feudal rights, &c., &c., But, at last, my friends, who remained in France, began to be undeceived, and five weeks after the departure of Garnier, I received a letter from Edelie, which gave me the greatest alarm : she informed me that the Minister of state, my patron, was dismissed, and consequently

Madam de Palmis did not retain a shadow of interest, her letter which was long and melancholy, ended thus ;

" ......Society is dissolved; there is now no more conversation, but in lieu thereof, violent discussions ; there is hatred, quarrels and calumny ; crowds are flying to Coblentz. Count Joseph is still passionately attached to the Revolution, but I truly repent of having ever expected from it any great benefit for the public good ; my mother has a bad nervous complaint ; my father is deeply afflicted : Mademoiselle de Versec has lost all her apathy, since the decrees against nobility : she thinks she replies fully to every objection, by saying that *nobility will always be nobility.* Octavia, ever calm, mild, and indulgent, is silent on politics, and in secret devotion prays to heaven for her King and country's welfare. I only know her opinions by the excellent advice she gives her husband and sister-in-law. As for myself

I am consumed by a melancholy thought, which I would feign call a kind of prudence. I am very uneasy for the safety of my brother and yourself, for ye are never separated in my regards !..I see a threatening cloud hovering over the future, and even, if my inquiring eyes could pierce its dreadful density, I know not if I could summon courage to make the attempt. Adieu ! let us place our trust in the protection of providence, *on the blessings we carry about, us,* our strength of mind, and the resources we possess within ourselves !......

CHAP. II.

The Viscount and Julien are recalled.—They return to France and meet there.—A new Journey.

EDELIE'S letter, and the reflections it occasioned, almost entirely dissipated the dreams of ambition which had previously led me astray ; I recollected the Fable of La Fontaine, *and my father, the confectioner, came to my mind.* I judged for the honor of my talents that I should correct my manners by degrees, without this lesson, and I was at least very glad not to require a confirmation of the misfortunes I contemplated. I however always expected a great deal from the talents and zeal of Garnier, together with that enthusiasm I was led to believe he had for me ; but three months after his departure, all my hopes vanished ; for I was recalled, and learned with unutterable

astonishment, that it was this self-same Garnier who was coming to Sweden, not *ad interim*, but as having obtained the post, that the Viscount d'Inglar left *vacant*. It was difficult to bear this blow !......There could be no doubt that Garnier had intrigued for himself alone, and that he had only succeeded by dint of manœuvres and falsehood ; that is to say, in concealing that he had been, in reality, merely the servant of him whom he wished to succeed. This also proved to me, that the democratic party had a supreme ascendant at Paris, and that my friends could no longer be my patrons, as they would never have any more interest, but probably be persecuted.

A letter from Eusebius informed me, at the same time, that he also was recalled, and proposed returning to Paris : his disgrace exalted the aspect of mine ; for, my misfortune, when united with his, appeared to me as dignified ; I therefore resumed courage and arranged

every thing for my departure, which was no easy task. My pretentions to splendor and elegance, had induced me to contract debts; I had bought plate, which I was obliged to sell for the value of the silver; I paid my debts; but, to enable me to make the journey, I was necessitated to sell some trinkets, and to decide on going to Paris, partly by sea, and partly by stage coaches, I remained at home the whole day before quitting Stockholm, occupied in placing all my papers in order: at night, wishing to read in bed, as was my constant habit; I took one of the books left with me by the Viscount: it was a work which had been published more than five and twenty years before the revolution; I opened it at random, and read as follows:

"What a chaos, what a scene of horror and confusion would human society become, if the maxims of false philosophy should so far prevail among mankind, as to be constituted into public laws; what an horrible repub-

lic, if such could ever be formed in the universe, entirely composed of atheists, where men should attain only by impiety, the rank of citizen ;"*

The justness of this passage forcibly struck me; and a few months afterwards, I was still more astonished: on calling to mind this passage of Voltaire.

" Those who have maintained that a society of atheists may subsist, have been right; the atheist, in his errors, preserves his reason, which pares his claws."†

And said I, to myself, of what use is talent without the lights of morality? to propagate monstrous follies; a sense of religion can alone give all the depth of foresight, because it is that alone which is just, good and truly enlightened.

I departed, for Paris, towards the end

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* *Antiphilosophical Dictionary*, Vol. 1. preface, p. 27, 3d. Edition, 1768.

† Philosophical Dictionary, article *Atheist*.

of 1791; the King was still seated on that ancient and tottering throne, ready to fall, of which the noble ruins were so soon to disappear in torrents of blood! I saw my mother on the day of my arrival, Citizen Landry, her husband, after a fraudulent bankruptcy, had abandoned her: a few months afterwards, he obtained a divorce, to espouse Mademoiselle Lissy. My mother, without asylum, or resources could not prevail on herself to apply to Edelie, though she well knew the benefactress of her daughter, would not desert her in this moment of distress, but chose rather to have recourse to friendship, than the protection of a lady of high rank. She confided her situation to her old friend, the widow Thibaut, a rich grocer in her neighbourhood, who most generously received her, and lavished every mark of affection on her. The family of this worthy woman, whom her friends called *Goody Thibaut*, was composed of two lads, of whom, the youngest, aged eighteen, had returned from school some

months before, and a daughter in her fifteenth year. Religion, order and peace reigned in this respectable family. Madam Thibaut, who had always preserved an unexceptionable character, was about thirty-nine, and very handsome; she had so graceful an air, expressed herself with such good sense and modesty, that her manners and conversation would have astonished any one, had she not had a habit, in speaking, of using false similies and incorrect grammar. She was the daughter of a respectable fishmonger, well known for her integrity and kind disposition; the latter had instilled most excellent principles into her daughter, but a stile of speaking, infinitely more incorrect than that of other classes of traders. Madam Thibaut consented to receive a small allowance from me on account of my mother, but she reduced it to half of what I proposed. My friend, Durand, who, by various speculations, had more than doubled the twenty thousand francs, I had left with him, un-

dertook to pay this allowance, and to furnish my mother with whatever might be necessary for her comfort.

After this interview, I flew to Edelie; I found her overwhelmed with sorrow, her parents, under the pretence of using the waters, had gone into Swisserland, taking little Octavia with them; Edelie's friend, the Duchess de Palmis, her husband and Tiburtius, had proceeded to England. The Marchioness was in the country with her husband: Edelie remained, in the hope of being able to moderate the extravagant democracy of Count Joseph. Alarmed at all I foresaw, I wished to induce her to rejoin her parents: No, she replied, Count Joseph desires that I should not leave France; I am fully persuaded that he will ruin himself, but I shall not abandon him, and there is no merit in this resolution. Since I have thought him in danger, my love has increased. This simple expresssion, in which her mind was so completely depicted, penetrated to my soul: I could no longer

urge her, and therefore remained silent. Edelie resumed the conversation by speaking of the perfidious Garnier; amongst other things, she informed me how sedulously he had been occupied in his endeavours to blacken and defame my character; by saying that Eusebius, knowing my incapacity, had left him in Sweden to insure the dispatch of business; but, unable to repair my blunders, and seeing me an object of general contempt, he had determined to return to France. Edelie added, that by means of his intrigues and jacobinism combined, he had succeeded in acquiring powerful protectors, and obtained the employment that had been taken from me.

I gained great advantage from this Stockholm adventure, for it cured me of self sufficiency and presumption, teaching me not to mistake flattery for friendship. Having remained a day at Paris, I went to see the Viscount, who was at his country seat. As I travelled all night, I arrived at his house in the

morning: he was with the Abbé in the picture gallery: I found him, surrounded by his ancestors, to whom he seemed to bid a last farewell! It was with a heart-full of ominous dejection, that I embraced them both: I asked the Viscount what he had decided on? My good friend, he replied, you can well conceive my intentions: look at these portraits around me, they are those of my family assembled to exhort me to fidelity, in reminding me of all the benefits it has received from our sovereigns. One shews me the Marshall's truncheon that he obtained after the battle of Ivry; another offers to my view the order of the Holy Ghost, given him by Louis XIV; these other two received the same honors: this was a Minister of State; that, Governor of Metz; as was also my father of Dauphiny. There is a celebrated admiral, here are three Ambassadors, and young as I am, have I not filled that station in Russia? Oh! replied I, how unfortunate that the French people have not an historical

memory! they would then recollect that no royal race in Europe has produced so many Kings, who have been at once the protectors of their people and of the arts; among others, the legislator, the brave, the popular Saint Louis; the wise pacificator of all disturbances, the friend of literature and industry, Charles V; the sovereign, to whom public gratitude gave the glorious title of *father of his country*, Louis XII; Francis I, whose memory should be so dear to learned men and artists; Henry IV, whom it is sufficient to name, to be reminded of all the benefits which a government can confer on commerce and agriculture; Louis XIII, who promoted so many charitable establishments, and who founded our literary academies; Louis the Great, who by his taste, knowledge and magnificence, nurtured every kind of genius, encouraged them all, and nobly recompensed them*; it is to that ardent desire

* The detractors of this monarch, reproach him

which he ever had to augment, in every way, the national glory, that we owe our master pieces in literature, and those of the various arts, which decorate Paris and Versailles, the creation of our navy, the establishment of our most beautiful

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bitterly for not having done any thing for La Fontaine. The reply is very simple; it was because La Fontaine had no need of a pension from him, as he was pensioned by the Princes of Condé, of Conti, and the Duke of Burgundy; and was it not a great proof of admiration for rare talents, to authorize his grandson to give a pension, and make continual presents to the author of the most licentious tales? He thought that his inimitable fables were an expiation of such an offence; and he was right; but this was at least correctly judged, nor should it be concealed, merely to have the pleasure of attaching an imaginary stigma to Louis XIV instead of the praise, which, even on this point, is due to him.

It would appear that the ruin of his own people, for the gratuitous destruction of other nations, has been overlooked in this estimate of Louis the Fourteenth's character, although the general tenor of the author's writings leave no room to suppose he could be favourable to his fatal policy.—Ed.

manufactures, and the prosperity of our commerce. There is no doubt, replied the Abbé, that if the lower orders could calculate the number of seamen, stone cutters, masons, carpenters, gardeners and workmen of every kind to whom that Prince gave occupation and subsistence during his reign, they also would say, that they ought to honor his memory. I doubt much if the revolutionary leaders will do so much good to this class, which they dislike and despise, but flatter and deceive, while it yields itself up to them so madly and blindly.——Do you then suppose, I asked, that it would be impossible to reclaim this mistaken multitude?——Yes, for a sure method of seducing them is used, by freeing them from the austere yoke of religion. The jacobins, as enthusiastic disciples of the modern philosophers, have all the passions in their favor: their success, of course, is certain. It is only by loosening the most sacred ties, that they can overwhelm the throne!....—

Without doubt, there were abuses in the ancient government......—Was it necessary, for reforming them, to strip, proscribe and banish so many individuals? should a class always prone to discontent, be maddened to fury, by inflammatory speeches? ought morality, in short, to be annihilated?......Montesquiou compares despotism to the act of a savage, who fells a tree to gather the fruit; it may also be said, that these philosophers, under the pretence of removing some caterpillars crawling on the luxuriant foliage of an old and majestic oak, have hewn its venerable stem, even at the very root; but, this root is immortal, nor is it in the power of sophists to extirpate it!........Religion will reappear, to repair these awful ruins, impious iniquity shall be the victim of its own violence. Heaven only permits its momentary triumph, to disgrace it, and cover it with infamy, and to show a disgusted world, the disorder, extravagance and deformity of a government

directed by atheism; for its reign can only be that of crime and terror. In speaking thus, with the energy of just indignation, the worthy Abbé appeared to be inspired; and he was so!........

The Viscount, whom I questioned relative to all that could be interesting to him, highly praised his *former* vassals, proclaimed his *equals*, by the public decrees; he told me that the peasants had voluntarily constituted themselves his game-keepers, and that there had not been a single head of game killed without his consent, or even without his express order.*

I remained but one day at this house, the Viscount having concluded all his affairs there, we returned to Paris together, the day after my arrival. On reaching the capital, the Viscount had a private audience of the King, who or-

* This circumstance actually occurred at Sillery, and on various other estates, at the above unfortunate period.

dered him on a secret mission to Naples, but without any diplomatic title. Eusebius conjured the Abbé and myself to make this long journey with him; we consented, but it was a truly painful sacrifice for me: the anxious solitude which Edelie's situation had awakened in my mind, redoubled my attachment to her; I wished to have remained at Paris, to watch over her safety, or partake of her dangers; the Viscount had, on this point, quite a different mode of thinking; he believed that the continued *popularity* of Count Joseph, would shield his wife from any dangerous event; but I plainly saw there was no longer any safety for the nobility, especially those who possessed large estates. I departed for Italy in the month of December, and it was with a melancholy foreboding, I had never before experienced. The heaviest cloud of cares lowered over all my thoughts, from which nothing could divert me. Arriving at Rome, a violent attack of sciatica obliged the Abbé to

remain there. The Viscout, who was under the necessity of continuing his journey to Naples, left me, to take care of the Abbé, who kept his bed three weeks. I had a great regard and veneration for him, nor would I leave his room during the whole time of his greatest sufferings, excepting for one hour each day, during which I went, regularly every morning, to visit the Church of St. Peter. When I prayed in that admirable edifice, when I contemplated its stupendous majesty, I always experienced the same admiration, the same astonishment; I no longer imagined that impiety could exist, much less an insensate project to destroy a religion that appeared so powerful and so firmly established! I went there, during the Abbé's convalescence, on the Good-Friday of 1792; the church, on that solemn day, is lighted solely, by an alluminated cross, suspended from the magnificent dome; the sublime idea of Michael Angelo! It is impossible to describe the effect produced on the

heart and imagination, by this superb church in mourning, during the celebration of that mysterious sacrifice of divine love, those lamentations of grief, united to raptures of gratitude, those pure perfumes of incense rising to that brilliant symbol of future happiness: of which the holy light extends to every part of this immense temple: one seems to respire life and faith!........

Independently of any religious idea, the construction of beautiful Churches has been highly useful to the arts, and to artists. " Do not such monuments cause the splendor and celebrity of a great City?—Do not they attract the visits of foreigners? Do not they call forth the exercise of talent of every kind? Architects, sculptors, painters, goldsmiths, &c,. are they not all employed therein? And do not artists work with more emulation, enthusiasm, and consequently with more ingenuity for the construction of such an edifice as St. Peter's, than for a private house? Can it be believed that Michael

Angelo, when drawing the plan of the most superb cathedral of christianity, would have been inspired as he was, if he had had only to design the cupola of a palace? It is solely in edifices, consecrated to the Deity, that all the magnificence and majesty of architecture, in their grandest proportions, can be displayed. What Sovereign, with his court, could fill an apartment of the extent of St. Peter's church at Rome? An ambitious and powerful chief may conquer a great portion of the earth, but it is a very trifling portion of it, that he can personally occupy. If he were to give too great dimensions to his residence, his presence would lose its imposing effect; he would scarcely be distinguished in it."*

I discovered, in my walks at Rome, a Frenchman whom I had often seen with Durand: he was a counseller of the Parliament of Paris, named Saint André;

* Christian Philosophy.

far from having any magisterial gravity, he possesed, in company, an inexhaustible fund of cheerfulness. He was now thirty-six, and had even, from his early youth, acquired great reputation for wit, by the easy and pointed style in which he formerly spoke in parliament, on all occasions of importance. Many other members of those public bodies were also celebrated for the same talent, which had often great effect; for it was always worthily employed in opposing the augmentation of taxes, and endeavours to moderate them. Thus the art of *haranguing* has been by no means new among us, since the Revolution, except in the uses to which it has been applied. Saint André used to pass every evening with the Abbé, and then we conversed of that France, which, though quitted with indignation, was every where bitterly regretted. We remembered the charm of that society so lately fascinating by its politeness, elegance and pleaures; of that society, referred to by all

Europe, as the school of the most perfect urbanity! Time had not as yet blunted our regrets, or destroyed our habits; our recollections were recent! we were then so young!....Here we are, said Saint André, like the nation once so privileged, yet now cursed; we are like the children of Israel every where dispersed, without a single rallying point!...... Young men, said the Abbé, you, at least, may expect to see happier days; but I am sixty and shall see nought, here below, but tempests and destruction!.... During my stay at Rome, I received two letters from Edelie, which, by their details, confirmed those gloomy prognostications.

As soon as the Abbé was able to travel in a carriage, we prepared to quit Rome without delay, and rejoin Eusebius at Naples. The evening before our departure, Saint André came to conduct us to see the famous hospital of the Holy Ghost, of which the Abbé had read many descriptions, but which he had never seen.

This ancient hospital, founded by Pope Innocent III, in 1198, still exists at Rome. It is immense; there are a thousand beds in it for invalids; it contains seperate chambers for lunatics and contagious diseases; a great number of nurses are kept there; in short, besides the multitude of sick who are received, five hundred boys are maintained, until they become of an age, at which they may earn a subsistence; also five hundred girls on similar terms, with the addition of a marriage portion, of fifty roman crowns and a quantity of clothes: if not desirous to marry, they are placed in convents.

"A sentiment of tender feeling and respect, is experienced in viewing the ruins which retrace interesting recollections; but, what should not be felt on entering a place where so many unfortunate beings receive such relief! in a place consecrated by such an active and persevering charity; where, for six hundred years without interruption, so many benefactors of the human race have de-

voted their existence and sacrificed their health to the duty of relieving the poor, aiding the sick and aged, of receiving and educating the friendless orphan! How respectable those walls are; they inclose only that which should be always united on earth; misfortune and pity, sufferings and assistance!"*

We spoke of nothing the whole evening, but of this admirable institution. As I had, three or four years before, known Saint André to be a great partisan

* *Christian Philosophy.*

The first idea of this hospital is due to a french monk. The canons hospitaliers of the order of the Holy Ghost, had, for their founder, Guy de Montpellier, who, at the close of the twelfth century, built an hospital in Rome for the diseased poor, and monastic clergy were instituted to take care of it. When Pope Innocent III, in imitation of Guy, founded the great hospital alluded to, he brought some of the above-named monks from Montpellier to superintend it, giving his establishment the same title *The Hospital of the Holy Ghost.* It was greatly augmented afterwards by Sixtus IV. and other Popes.

of the modern philosophers, I asked him if he could cite to us any benefit of their philosophy, to be compared to that which we had just been admiring? Have patience, he replied, laughing; let the revolution go on for two or three years more, and you will then see what philosophy can effect, and how it can obliterate religious benefits. If its maxims be followed closely, it will *efface* churches and hospitals. Raynal and many others have expressed a desire to *raze all temples*, and that the deity should be adored in the open air; which is what they term *to release the Almighty*. Another philosopher (Mr. de Condorcet.) has proved to us, in a long dissertation, that there should be no hospitals. He boldly exclaims, *no more hospitals*, because they only serve to nourish sloth; for it is clear that the paralytic, the superannuated, or foundlings, are only slothful. And even the pestiferous, added the Abbé; thus, that poor *Luigi di Pavia*, whom, in our days, we have the simplicity to

admire, philosophically speaking, is a downright fool!——Who was this *Luigi?* ——Friar *Luigi di Pavia* is a monk, who, twenty seven years ago, founded the Hospital of Saint Anthony, at Smyrna, and having been infected with the plague, he made a vow, that if he should escape death, to attend every year, at least one person in that disease; but, when he recovered, he resolved to devote his whole life to this pious and dangerous occupation. With the assistance of his family, who are rich, he has founded the above hospital, in which he attends the sick, who are received there gratuitously* What then! cried Saint André, this Luigi is a kind of Vincent de Paule, in this *illuminated age too!* that is very strange indeed! For my part, however, I declare to you, that, though a monk, I think him a worthy man, but in *philosophical lan-*

* See a work entitled *Ancient and Modern Constantinople* translated; from the English by Mordet.

guage we should call him a blockhead, fanatic, or even a hypocrite.

I was delighted to hear Saint André at length ridicule the modern philosophy, and I expressed my satisfaction to him accordingly. My friend, he replied, philosophy, all powerful and put in action, has long corrupted the French nation ; but it will effect many more conversions among those who possess elevated minds, and who, by their education, are capable of reflecting and comparing. "Yes, my friends, said the Abbé, one of the great characteristics of the truth of religion is to elevate the mind and purify the spirit ; never has impiety produced one sublime idea ; all that proceeds from it is abject, sullen and cold ; whereas, in religion, all is majestic ; it is impossible to combat with the eloquence of those christian orators who have defended it. Thus, said I, the atheists of the greatest talents, have hoped to destroy it only by sarcasms, indecency and buffooneries ; serious impiety could never gain a convert.—No

doubt, the Abbé replied, piety should augment talent, because it exalts all the virtues! does it inspire courage, death is met without fear, and frequently even with pleasure; tortures are supported with unshaken patience. If humanity or compassion be fortified with religion, seas are crossed, strange climes are sought and every danger encountered, in the sole hope of being useful to our fellow-creatures: liberty is exchanged for slavery, and the most painful and unpleasant duties of an hospital are undertaken with alacrity. When greatness of mind is perfected by religion, an enemy, or persecutor, is secretly forgiven; he is protected and benefited even without his knowing by whom, or its being boasted of; he is assisted in misfortune, guarded, comforted and loved, in short, disinterestedness is the fruit of eminent piety; all that is possessed is given to the poor, all is employed in actions of benevolence. It is but just, that virtue so useful to others should be so to ourselves also in this life, where

happiness is never pure or without alloy, whilst misfortune may be complete, equally devoid of hope and destitute of resource. Unblessed by religion, what becomes of the being who is oppressed, exhausted, discouraged by a long series of calamity and injustice? How great his wretchedness if he be at once solitary, abandoned and unknown! But, if Religion illuminate his soul, he bears his ills with fortitude, if invigorated by that divine ray, he blesses the hand that enlightens him!"*

* Christian Philosophy.

CHAP. XIV.

The Abbé and Julien join Eusebius.—Melancholy intelligence they receive.—They leave Italy and go to Germany.—New misfortunes.—Noble sacrifice.

SAINT ANDRÉ lost all his cheerful vivacity in bidding us farewell ; separations were truly solemn at this dreadful period ! ..... It seemed as if we were embarked on an unknown sea, and tossed by tempests that appeared to increase every moment ; we no longer knew, in parting from our friends, at what time we might meet again, or if the storm would ever permit us to see them !......

Arriving at Naples towards the end of April, we saw each other again, without joy; for the fears of the present, and of the future blighted all : our conversations were still more dismal than our letters, because the details which could only be

given in a personal interview were equally afflicting and unfortunate.

Although we were not emigrants, having left France with regular passports, we no longer received letters from thence; we knew nothing more than the public news, and the inaccuracy of that intelligence added greatly to our disquietude. The Viscount had despatched a messenger to Paris, whom we expected might return in about six weeks; but we waited in vain. He was detained in the capital, where he could only save his life by denouncing his master, that is to say, by calumniating him. As to the despatches, they were written with so much prudence, that they could not compromise any one. Not knowing what to decide on, in the most painful expectation and corroding anxieties, we determined to remain at Naples, and were still there when we learned the total overthrow of the Monarchy, and establishment of the Republic!......The Viscount received, at the same time, a letter from his father

at Hamburgh, in which he ordered him to join him there, informing him that he was very ill. We departed precipitately; the journey was tedious and fatiguing, by the continual deficiency of horses, and many accidents which retarded us ten or twelve days. We arrived at Hamburgh only in the month of November; we there found the Marquis d'Inglar in a state of decay, that left little hope of his life. The grief of Eusebius was excessive; but it was not without inexpressible sorrow, he again saw his dear little Octavia, for, though lovely and well grown for her age, now five years, such was the fatal reverse of all that would have in other times give pleasure, that it now only produced the most poignant affliction! Poor child! he cried, in taking her to his arms, scarcely have you entered life, when you have already lost your name, your country and your fortune! Proscribed and fugitive from the cradle, you are wandering and thrown on the wide world, without knowing where

heaven may fix your fate! In saying this, he bathed his child's countenance with his tears; without comprehending his meaning, but struck by the expression of his features, she listened to him with terror.

The return of the Viscount seemed to produce such a happy change in the situation of the Marquis, that, during several days, some hopes were entertained of his recovery; but he was not to be lulled into such an expectation; he made his last bequests with admirable calmness, and without the smallest affectation, for they were founded on an irreproachable life, and the most fervent piety. He lived long enough to hear of the King's death which it was impossible to conceal from him: this horrible catastrophe hastened his dissolution, and he expired in the arms of his son, on the 28th of January, 1793! ....Two days afterwards, the Marchioness became ill of a bilious fever, and the unhappy Viscount was only distracted from his grief, by new calamities.

In the mean while, during my residence at Hamburgh, I had renewed my acquaintance with a frenchman named Boutet, formerly employed in the finances, and whom I had often seen at my uncle's. Although Boutet was ignorant and vulgar, these qualities did not hinder him, from making a fortune in the revolution; he was enterprizing, ambitious, talkative and arrogant; having learned a dozen of *republican* phrases and maxims by heart, they gave him an air of great consequence; and soon procured him the applauses of the Jacobin Club; in other respects, he possessed a very obliging disposition at heart, and was also capable of friendship. He offered me his protection, declaring himself, at the same time, a determined republican; adding that, to distinguish himself from his brother, who professed *moderatism*, he had taken the name of *Cato*. I assured Citizen Cato Boutet, that I was as good a patriot as he; that I had only gone to Italy as an artist, as my passports, which

I showed him, declared; and, in short, that I burned with anxiety to visit Paris, for the sole purpose of enjoying the *imprescriptable* rights of my plebeian birth; to reinstate the *dignity of my nature*, of which I had been hitherto deprived by the insolence and impudence of *feudal nobility*. Cato Boutet was well pleased with this language, and conducted me to the French Consul, who received me with great *affability*. He gravely told me, that the Republic would always deem it a duty to protect artists; Boutet supported this agreeable assertion, by sententiously observing that it was highly necessary to maintain *morals and arts in a Republic*. The Consul promised me that he would write to France, so as that I might return there immediately, adding that the single recommendation of Boutet, would insure my reception. The Citizen also wrote, and undertook to send two letters for me, one to Durand, the other to my Cousin Le Dru, of whom I now claimed a relationship, which a few years

before, had made me blush; but it now became extremely valuable to me.

I obtained speedy replies, with a concession of all I had solicited; which was a regular permission to return to France without delay.

The Viscount, who was also extremely anxious for the safety of Edelie, felt how particularly useful my attachment might be to him, in the midst of this general devastation: but the idea of our separating was intolerable to him; on producing the papers I had just received, he could not restrain his tears. Ah! my friend, said he, how truly am I not to be pitied! it appears cowardly in me to suffer you to go to the assistance of my sister alone! What dangers are you not going to encounter, while I am not to partake in them!......If my mother were not so ill, or that I were not her sole consolation, her only support, nothing could hinder me from following you...... Here his sorrow would not suffer him to proceed......I was so much affected that I could only reply with my tears.

However, summoning all my strength, I endeavoured to animate his courage, and calm his grief, by representing to him, that he could never have accompanied me to France, without causing the ruin of us both. I assured him that I could incur no danger, protected, as I was, by powerful friends and by my birth; that under the pretence of cultivating my talents, and painting portraits, I should, as an artist, be naturally excused from interfering in political affairs; that I would conduct myself with that prudence and address, which might enable me to watch over the safety of Edelie, without endangering myself; that, in short, I ventured to hope, heaven would deign to protect our friendship and bless our undertakings; and that it had reserved for me the happiness of seeing him again in a few months, and of delivering Edelie safely to his arms. I was so accustomed to see vigour, calmness and reason displayed in the Viscount's conduct, that I could never perceive a symptom of weakness in him, without participating in it myself:

thus, at this conference, I endeavoured to preserve a steadiness, which, in reality, he had deprived me of; it left me in a state of faintness and melancholy which I considered as a very bad omen. I was, how ever, to depart the next day by the public stage; this journey was one of the most painful of my life: it was Tuesday, and I persuaded the Viscount that I should not go till Thursday; the Abbé was alone in the secret.—In the evening, after having left Eusebius, I went to my chamber in a state of indescribable agony: throwing myself on a sofa, I remained unmovable for more than half an hour: when I suddenly heard a gentle knocking at my door; I supposed it was the Viscount, and my first emotion was that of the pleasure I should have in seeing and embracing him once more!......I ran to the door, opened it, but instead of Eusebius, I saw the Abbé, whose venerable and tranquil countenance instantly inspired me with a secret shame, at the excessive disorder

of my mind, and a desire to conceal it from him......The good old man entered, and, shutting the door, made me resume my seat; when placing himself near me, he said: My dear Julien, to avoid useless circumlocution, I have reserved for this moment a secret, which must now be confided to you; I am also going to return to France....What do I hear? a priest return to France!....——Yes, my friend, it is because I am a priest, that I wish to return.......—It is to seek a certain death.——No, it is merely to risque life; but does that idea hinder the soldier from hurrying to the field of honor?——Then you condemn that multitude of virtuous ecclesiastics now wandering through Europe.—God forbid! they give an example of morality and virtue the most pure; and cause the catholic religion to be respected by strangers, not excepting protestants*; such

* This is a justice which has been rendered every where to the Emigrant Priests.

conduct is what I call, being eminently useful. As for myself, I am maintained, and protected by the most grateful of pupils; so that, like them, I cannot display, a pious resignation in the midst of solitude, misfortune, and poverty; attached, like me, to their profession and to religion, they follow their inspiration, while I obey mine.—But do you deem yourself bound to seek a martyrdom?—At my age, supported by faith, what better fate can be desired?..But as a great crime is committed to confer it, that glory should not be sought; thus I do not return to France, except with all those precautions which prudence suggests. I have a passport. —You are aware that my name is *Liniere Desforges;* I am only known by the latter name, though I may bear the first; one of my relations, named Liniere, who is going to establish himself at Vienna, has therefore given me his passport: and thus I shall not return under a false name. The new government will not

allow me to wear the clerical habit in France; consequently, the secular dress, in which I shall go, will be neither a counterfeit or disguise.—But the description in the passport?—Corresponds completely with my person, although I have not the least resemblance to my cousin; in other respects, the passport seems to have been intended for me; we are the same age, the same height, and both brown complexioned......And where will you go to in Paris?—To an old friend; a worthy, though obscure shopkeeper, who will render me every service in her power. There I shall live very well by my labour. To remain unknown, I shall not mind teaching latin, history and geometry; besides, I can bind books; I shall thus accomplish my views, by occasionally fulfilling the sacred duties of my ministry; and if I should but even once administer the sacraments to a single penitent, otherwise deprived of the consolations of religion, I would think myself fully recompensed for having under-

taken this perilous journey. The foregoing discourse reanimated me; Let us go, said I, let us deliver ourselves to the care of Providence!......Yes, my son, said the pious Abbé, it will be neither ambition, nor the desire of vengeance that takes us to our unhappy country! Inspired by religion and friendship, we shall not go in vain to unite ourselves to our oppressed brethren! If the palm of martyrdom should crown our efforts, Heaven will not permit us to fall under the axe of the wicked, before we have rendered our zeal useful, before we have saved the proscribed, or communicated the happiness of religious consolation to some pious souls! Let us advance with confidence: it is true, we go to place ourselves under the ferocious and unbridled domination of the ungodly; but they are surrounded with profound darkness, and their crimes prepare an unfathomable abyss beneath their steps, whilst we shall be guided by a divine ray....Farewell, my child, continued he, I shall follow you,

in three days: that time is necessary to prepare the Viscount for our separation. Adieu, my dear Julien. In saying these words, he opened his arms to me; I knelt down and intreated his benediction, which I received with a religious, fervour and the most tender filial respect!....

Before we separated, it was agreed, that he should seek me at Paris, at my friend Durand's, where I was sure to find an asylum. I did not tell him, that he should not want for money, as he knew I had left fifty thousand francs with Durand; but it was sufficient to remind him of the circumstance. The heroism of this virtuous ecclesiastic, at once exalted my courage, and revived my hopes. I employed a part of the night in writing to Eusebius; I felt so much resolution, that I flattered myself I could transfer an equal degree of it to his mind. When completed, the letter was given to his valet-de-chambre, with orders to deliver it to him in the morning.

I embarked on the Elbe, as soon as the first beams of light appeared, I landed at Harburg, where I took a plain coach to continue my journey, which I performed in safety. But on passing the frontiers, far from feeling that natural joy I had once experienced in touching my native land, I shuddered! well knowing, that I should no longer find that people so full of urbanity, that society which had so charmed me, and those national customs which are, from habit, identified with the love of our country!.... In short, it was not France that I was about to see again, so that I felt as if every thing would appear alike capricious, contemptible and disgusting. I can give only an imperfect notion of the various sentiments with which I was agitated on entering Paris! my heart beat violently, on thinking I should see Edelie in the course of the day; I then examined, with restless curiosity, all that presented itself to my observation, in the

streets through which we passed. There was, in general, in the air and physiognomies of the lower orders, a strong expression of rudeness and ferocity. I arrived on the tenth November, the day *of the decade festival*, and on referring to the *national Almanac*, which I had bought on the road, I saw that this festival was in honor of *modesty*.* I perceived great numbers in the streets, and getting out of coaches, to go into the taverns and coffee-houses, to celebrate *modesty*; they were almost naked, or, at least, as slightly clad as the ancient statues. The men, who accompanied them, had the right arm quite naked, the breast exposed, a red cap on one side of the head, and a look of the greatest effrontery. On passing the

* *See the National Almanac of the Year III of the Republic one and indivisible.* This curious compilation, forming a volume in 8vo. of 544 pages, may be found in many libraries; and is now before me.

public houses, we heard the most licentious songs; and during those orgies, in honor of *modesty*, the hawkers, in the streets, offered to the passengers the Journal of *Father Duchene*, which, as but too many well know, was full of indecencies and blasphemy. I heard, previous to leaving Hamburgh, that *the festival of our ancestors* had been already celebrated, while their tombs were broken, and their ashes scattered to the winds!

Quitting the stage, I hired a hackney-coach to convey me to Durand's, and approached with horror, the blood-stained *Place de la Révolution*, which I had to cross; I passed palaces, changed to taverns, where I had dined with great noblemen; saw, with horror, churches transformed to stables! I had, however, the consolation of reading on large bills, stuck over a great number of gateways, these edifying words in immense letters:

"The French People acknowledge the existence of the Supreme Being, and the immortality of the soul."

The above was a new decree of the national convention, it had been recently proclaimed, and remained posted up in all the streets for more than three weeks! ......While occupied in admiring this condescension of the French people, a great tumult reached my ears; it was a mob of men and women who followed a cart filled with victims going to the scaffold! The noise was caused by the running of all those persons, mostly in wooden shoes,* and the horses of the mounted *Gens-d'armes*, that escorted them. Those victims were not insulted; on the contrary, they seemed to excite pity; terror and compassion were visible in every face. Although there were some individuals among the populace, who were made the assassins, still it was necessary to excite them to commit these butcheries: for the mass of the people retained their humanity. To attribute

* Republicanism brought wooden shoes so much in fashion, that every one wore them in the streets.

the horrors of the revolution to the people, would be a calumny; their chiefs alone were criminals, either by their flattery and lies, or by the terror which led some, and silenced others!... I ordered the coachman to drive as fast as possible, and raising all the blinds of the coach, gave full vent to my tears....

Durand received me with that generous friendship I had always experienced from him; he lamented with me, the unhappy situation of France; though he had avoided any participation in the crimes of the times, neither had he encountered any danger, because there were many of his relations and friends in the dominating party, and he was besides found very useful, owing to his talents in finance. After having given me a good account of Edelie, whose husband was more popular than ever, he told me that he had enriched me in my absence, by employing successfully, in different speculations, the property I had left with him, insomuch that,

after deducting the small pension I allowed my mother, I found myself worth one hundred and thirty thousand francs, which, at that period, did not seem extraordinary; for whoever possessed any ready money, was sure to make a rapid fortune.

On leaving Durand, I went to embrace my mother, who continued to reside with her worthy friend, Madame Thibaut; I afterwads visited Edelie, whom I had previously informed of my arrival. This interview was most sorrowful, as she was still ignorant of her father's death !.. She expected me with great emotion; and wishing to rise and meet me, when I entered the apartment, she fell back in her chair, saying, Ah! Julien! what a proof of friendship !....How ungrateful on your part, cried I, if it surprised you !......Yes, it is for you alone that I have returned to this frightful gulf; my mother, and my friend Durand incur no danger, and I knew it; but you, the daughter, sister, and relative of

Emigrants; the wife of a nobleman who would have been, on some future day, a Duke and peer of France; what perils do you not encounter! ......Well! I see you, and respire again!——It is only in your presence, that I think I have found my country! To watch over you, shall be my whole occupation and my only care; I have promised it to my dearest friend; but, heavens! was it necessary for me to promise it!...While I spoke, she regarded me with the most feeling expression, while torrents of tears bathed her cheeks. Oh Julien! she replied, the greatest blessing I derive from your sublime friendship, is by its sanctifying and authorizing that which I entertain for you! How tranquil is my mind in granting its admiration to your conduct! how infinitly does such gratitude console my heart! But, continued she, you, the mere sight of whom gives or reminds me of those I hold so dear; speak to me of my parents, what of my brother? ....At these

words I looked down, with my eyes full of tears; Edelie grew pale and trembled; I was forced to divulge to her the dreadful intelligence; and to say that her virtuous father, knowing I would return to France, had commanded me to take his last blessing to her!...... At these words, she knelt before me, unable to oppose it, I represented her father, Oh! my friend, she said, you must then unite every title for me; every right, even those which assure you of my most profound veneration! Her grief was, at once, energetic, pious, and resigned; the only thing which seemed to give some consolation to her wounded spirit, was the idea that, at this barbarous period, her father escaped from proscription, and, in the arms of his wife and son, had terminated his honorable career with tranquillity.

In those days, a natural death was an event so rare and fortunate, that it softened all the horrors of dissolution. Casilda, whom I had called, now came to

mingle her tears with ours. The pleasure I felt in seeing her again, which she participated with the most lively sensibility, was a gentle alienation of Edelie's sorrows. Shedding a momentary ray of gladness, amidst the general gloom of grief which prevailed during the rest of the evening. Count Joseph, or, more properly speaking, *Citizen Velmas*, came in to supper, at nine o'clock, with Citizen Delorme his former tutor; every thing was changed in *Citizen* Delorme; the tone, language, manners, dress and even his countenance: he affected a *republican harshness and severity*, which had not even the merit of frankness; he was awkward in the practice of vulgar habits, which appeared more contemptible in him, than those to whom they were natural. As he was not originally depraved, he, at first, intended to unite some principles of humanity and even of religion, with the high philosophy and republicanism of the jacobins; but he soon learned that they did not permit

such a mixture in their institutions, and that, to be the *pure friend of the people*, it was necessary to be ferocious. Thus it was that he approved of nearly all their excesses, *as necessary measures*, while he believed himself *a perfect Regulus*. The Abbé belonged to the terrorists; Count Joseph humoured him extremely, though he secretly regarded him with horror. Delorme, on the other hand, protected the Count with all his might, and thus far successfully. Count Joseph in obedience to the Abbé's injunctions, abstained from all interference in what was passing, gave considerable alms in his section, presented large *patriotic gifts*, and was therefore suffered to remain tranquil; but, in private, he was a prey to his fears, and only studied how to find the means of quitting France; the execution of which project was only retarded by the difficulty of remitting his property to a foreign country, without compromising his personal safety.

At the beginning of the Revolution,

those noblemen who spontaneously renounced all their privileges for the establishment of liberty, most assuredly made a generous sacrifice ; and whatever may be the public opinion, it must and ought to be confessed, that the most sincere friends of liberty were those who lost all by the change: such as their titles, distinctions, feudal rights, &c. ; these, in short, who alone had sacrifices to make, and who made them without hesitation. But, to preserve this enthusiasm amidst so many crimes, after having seen the altar and throne overturned, the royal family immolated, to pride themselves on the favor of a populace intoxicated with blood, to applaud the most execrable crimes, in order to produce only a sanguinary anarchy, are horrors, which could have been merely the result of the last degree of infamy, or the insanity of the most criminal ambition. It can be truly said, there were none in the rank of nobility, but enemies of despotism, arbitrary power, defenders of

the true rights of the people, which are always those of justice and humanity: lastly, the *constitutionalists*; but, neither regicides or terrorists, have been seen amongst the nobles; a circumstance which has hitherto escaped observation. The patriotism of the constitutional nobility was never cooled by any personal sacrifice; it was from crimes alone, that they started back with horror.

Edelie, after having informed her husband of the melancholy news I had brought her, said she would retire, because two or three persons were still expected, and she was not in a state to do the honors of the supper. She therefore rose, took Casilda by the hand, and left us, requesting I would return the next day. Several persons came, and amongst the rest Count de Solmire, his wife, Florbel and three or four Jacobins, who were introduced to the family by Citizen Delorme. The fantastic medly of this company produced a most strange conversation, from the discordant notes of those

who composed it. Every one used a disagreeable familiarity of discourse; I smiled involuntarily at seeing Count Joseph and de Solmire, who had so lately attached such a value to birth, treated so cavalierly by the sons of a former counting-house clerk, notary or cabinet-maker, Delorme did his best to imitate the jacobins. Florbel ridiculed them, without their perceiving it; while I was a silent observer, seeing clearly the embarrassment, constraint and secret discontent of Count Joseph and his friend, I reflected, that if sacrifices of rank and dignity give an elevation to man, when voluntary, they certainly debase him when extorted. I compared this evening with those I had formerly passed in the same house, and lamented the loss of that good taste, grace and elegance, which were replaced only by impiety, insolence and cruelty. That society was truly to be regretted, where politeness, a desire to please, good taste in conversation, arts and ta-

lents, obliterated or suspended all claims of superiority, and even all ideas of distinctions in rank and birth; where the nobility could not attempt to assume airs of aristocracy, without exposing themselves to ridicule; where, without any regard to *the prejudices of birth*, opinion, ennobled superior merit of every kind!....*

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* The French nobility are spoken of very unjustly, in the Posthumous work of Madame de Staël, where she observes: "The different classes of "society having scarcely any connexions between "each other in France, their mutual antipathies were "consequently more violent. Pride placed bars "every where, but limits in no part, in no country "have the gentry been so estranged from the rest "of the nation: they only touched the second class, "to injure it." *Considerations on the French Revolution*. vol. 2. p. 116 How! *In no country have the gentry been so estranged from the rest of the nation?* On the contrary, it may be said, with truth, that *in no country*, have the gentry been *less estranged* from the rest of the nation. Without speaking of many countries, among others of Poland, where two classes only are seen, nobles

and slaves; without mentioning Genoa, where, until the Revolution, the nobility of the *ancient portico* enjoyed such strange and even absurd privileges; for instance, the exclusive right of *sitting* in the public square of St. Cyril; it will be sufficient to state Germany, where each takes into society the pride of birth, and the etiquette that proves his rank; where, at the dinners, suppers and even to go from one room into another, precedency is rigidly observed, according to the antiquity of title: there also, every *ill-sorted marriage* is defilement; and in order to deprive the children of the sacred rights of nature, sanctified by religion, a truly barbarous prejudice, has invented the ridiculous marriages *of the left hand.* Love cannot guard against this humiliation; there its power avails nothing in opposition to the purity of genealogies, and the *noble* lover who espouses a woman of birth, inferior to his own, declares solemnly, at the very altar, that the beauty he prefers, is unworthy of his choice; that he unites himself to her, without advancing her to his own rank, and that he already disinherits all the children she might bear him. It is surely there, that the nobility *never touch the second class but to injure it;* for those scandalous marriages take place not only among princes, but also with noblemen who espouse plebeians, because such alliances do not prevent an entrance into the noble conventual establishments. Nothing of the kind has ever been seen in France. The nobility constantly united them

selves by marriage, with mean families; an infinite number of persons of the *second class* received the first noblemen and their wives: that which was termed *respectable society*, was composed of persons of every station and all classes; those who maintained decorum, *good manners*, who received a good education, or possessed any particular merit, were admitted to it, whatever might have been their birth; with an equality that has only disappeared since the Revolution, in which all social politeness has been reserved entirely for persons in power, or for those who had become rich, and too often by the least honorable means. The high nobility received the inhabitants of the small towns adjacent to their estates, with the greatest cordiality. In short, this social disposition, and good-nature extended to the lowest classes: it has been always acknowleged that the great lords had infinitely more affability towards the people and kindness for their servants, than the farmers general and all the other persons *of the second class*. One half of the French nobility died on scaffolds; the remainder have been plundered, persecuted and banished!..... At least, no imaginary crimes should be imputed to them! If, after all the calamities they have suffered with so much patience and courage, they needed indulgence; humanity alone prescribed tenderness to those who have lost all, without participating in crimes, and who have grown old in misfortune! What will be their case, if justice be denied even to

their character ?" It is astonishing that this reflection has escaped those who have served, with so much kindness, courage and generosity all the persecuted persons to whom it might have been useful in the reign of terror; but the errors and incorrectness of Madame de Staël's eloquent work, ought to be excused on the plea of her not having lived to revise and correct it.

CHAP. II.

Conversation between Julien and Florbel. —Julien's visit to his Cousin Le Dru.— Extreme surprize he experiences.

After the supper at Count Joseph's and previous to retiring, I made an appointment with Florbel, that we might speak more at liberty. As I was not to meet the poet until twelve o'clock next day, I went to the convention at ten; being told that one of our most famous orators, Mr. H*** de S*** was to make a speech, I knew not on what subject; but, having never heard him, I wished to witness his talents on this occasion. I placed myself

in a gallery, where I was told Citizen H** would reply to a deputation *of the market ladies*; which reminded me of a Republican who, in haranguing them a short time before, on beginning his oration, addressed them, from absence of mind, *brothers and friends*; but Mr H*** was prepared, and did not commit this blunder. *The market ladies* arrived in a body; this deputation, was composed of the strongest *ladies* of their class; which, in general, does not offer very effeminate figures: their air, assurance, their masculine forms, absolutely gave them the appearance of a fierce batallion of soldiers, dressed as women. One of them with a firm tone, and harsh, though sonorous voice in the language generally used by them, addressed some words *to the Representatives of the people*, when, Mr. H * * * replying in his turn, began a discourse, of which I remember the following phrase:

" Enchanting sex! it is your delicate hands which distribute the palms of

glory!*" At these words every eye was directed to those countenances, which were any thing but *enchanting*, and on those tremendous hands that had never *distributed* other, than onions, garlic, carrots and fish! The unfortunate Orator, who was so capable of uttering extravagancies, but who looked with horror on sanguinary actions, was conducted to the scaffold that very week. After having heard this speech, and not expecting that it was possible to hear any thing more curious, I left the assembly to keep my appointment: it was only half past ten I walked to Florbel's residence, which was a long way from mine, and passed through a great number of streets, but every thing seemed new to me; I was like a stranger who stops at every step to satisfy his curiosity; it was with difficulty, I could find my way in the streets,

* A phrase copied literally from the Moniteur of that time.

of which, the names of nearly all were changed: I found Philosophers substituted for Saints; but I was prepared for this metamorphosis by reading *the National Almanack*, where I had seen the saints replaced by the *complimentary days, and by onions, cabbage, manure, asses, hogs, hares, &c. &c.** The natural antipathy which the chiefs of the revolution had for all that was not ignoble, had induced them to suppress the words *hotels and palaces*; thus there was inscribed on the front of those ancient edifices, *house formerly of Bourbon, house formerly of Conti, &c.* This republican phrase was seen on all the walls, viz. *liberty, fraternity, or death!* I saw hackney-coaches pass, which I remembered as the confiscated carriages of my friends: I stopt on the quays, before the little shops, in which the bound books bore the arms of a number of persons of my acquaintance, and in others I saw their portraits hang-

* See the *republican* Calender.

ing up for sale; I entered one belonging to a petty broker, who had at least a score of them; I knew them all, and my eyes filled with tears, when I recollected that three-fourths of the unfortunate nobility, whom those paintings represented, had fallen under the guillotine; that the others despoiled of all their means, and proscribed, were wanderers in strange countries!...... I was going out of this shop, when I discovered in an obscure corner, a beautiful face, that I had not examined, as it was placed in the shade, and half hidden by a large family picture; I approached and found it to be the portrait of the Duchess de Palmis, admirably painted by Madame Lebrun! I bargained for it, and it was sold to me for *thirty-six francs.* As it had been in the shop only from the previous evening, the connoisseurs had not fortunately time to see it: I caused the picture to be taken to one of my friends, a dyer, named Ponthieu, who lived in the same street,

and then continued my route. I next passed by an open church, in which I neither saw horses nor provender, which appeared very singular: a person to whom I referred for information, told me that it was *a temple of the philanthropists.* I went in, that I might become a little more acquainted with our new religion; I found the church totally stripped of its ornaments and all the symbols of worship; I saw on the walls only two black slabs, on which were written in gilt letters, some moral exhortations stolen from the prohibited Scriptures, a *philanthropist*, gravely seated on a chair, preached *civisim* and *fraternity*.* His auditory was scanty, and nearly all those who composed it, only went there out of derision. Contempt and irony were depicted on every countenance, on going away, I reflected with satisfaction, that the people, misled but sagacious could still distinguish what

*All those things still existed, in September 1800.

was contemptible and deceitful*. At a little distance from the street where Florbel lived, I found myself in front of the church of Notre Dame, where I saw a great assemblage of people; I inquired the cause and was informed that the festival of *the Goddess of Reason* was celebrating in the *late church*. An invincible repugnance prevented me from entering that profound sanctuary! But I remained at the door, and looking towards the end of the church, perceived with horror, a courtesan (Mademoiselle Aubri) personifying Venus on the high altar, and receiving the adoration, not of the people but merely of all the *Septembrisers*; that is to say, the assassins of the prisoners, who were assembled there by the orders of Robespiere, to adore *processionally*; for they filed off two by two before the Goddess, in making their obeissance, whilst

* Republican Religion and *philanthropical* ceremonies are formed entirely on an article of the *philosophical Dictionary* of Voltaire, see that on Theism.

*she observed them with haughty and mild looks.** During all this disgusting mummery, a priest, worthy of such a worship, dressed like a pontiff of the opera, profaned the seat of truth by an *impure and patriotic* sermon, quite as infamous and ridiculous as the ceremony ; thus the prophecy of the Abbé de Beauregard was literally accomplished ; who, twenty years before the revolution, predicted from this very pulpit, and in detail, this monstrous scene, worthy fruit of the principles inculcated by modern philosophy†. I hastened to leave this impiou farce, an

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* A phrase in the *Moniteur* of that time.

† It is well known that, twenty years afterwards, Mademoiselle Aubri, while representing *the Goddess of Wisdom* in *a Glory* at the opera, fell from the top of the arch ; when she had her thigh fractured, and her countenance disfigured ; and that providence had spared two young children, who were to have been at her feet, by not arriving at the appointed hour there. It is also known that the *high priest of reason*, who mounted the pulpit at that time became mad soon after, and died in the course of a year.

odious parody on the most licentious rites of paganism. It was twelve o'clock when I reached Florbel, to whom I related all I had just seen. I assure you, said he, that these attempts at *atticisme*, with all the vulgarity of the markets, do not please me a whit more than they do, yourself; the Solons and Lycurgusses of the Faux-bourg St. Antoine,* appear alike terrifying to me, and for decency's sake, I should wish that *our Venus's* were a little less naked; but all these excesses will only last a short time; even philosophy will disgust......Not at all, I interrupted, as all these atrocious extravagancies are authorised by the philosophical writings. —It is very true that there are monstrous errors in their books, but there may also be found many excellent things.—Real moralists have said those *excellent things*, long before and much better than them. —To do them justice, they were philan-

* The St. Giles of Paris.

thropists.—In a very pretty way! they have blackened, abused, and calumniated all nations! Your supreme chief, under the name of *Scarmentado*, has made a fine review of them! he runs through all the nations of the globe, and sees nothing among them but horrors. The Italians are *perfidious, poisoners, assassins, &c.* The French are *always laughing, but to provoke, and in the midst of all this levity they are capable of the most detestable actions; they produce monsters*; *a chimera makes them run to arms*. . The English *are fanatical and arrogant**. . The Dutch *are a phlegmatic, vulgar and ignorant people, who attend to nothing but their pecuinary interests, and who shed the blood of their best citizens to satisfy their avarice or hatred. Imposture, ostentation, superstition, are all that is seen in Germany, &c.*

* The impieties of Mr. de Voltaire, had not the least success in England; on the contrary, they brought him into some dilemmas, for which he never pardoned the English.

After these *flattering* pictures, is it not droll to exhort all nations to esteem each other mutually? Is this philanthropic conclusion well prepared, or can it be persuasive?* Yes, I now begin to know that philosophical principles, when put in practice, are good for nothing!..These mad jacobins have cariacatured and disfigured every thing; but this horrible state cannot last. The extreme of crime and folly always announces an approaching change. In the mean while, let us remain on our guard, with hope and prudence....—What are really your opinions?....—I have wept at all their crimes, and been able, without becoming

* *The Jewish Letters* as well as many other *philosophical* works, also lavish outrages against all nations. Mr. de Voltaire, who, in his *Scarmentado*, thus treated the French, always called them, in his pamphlets and letters, the *Welches*; yet neither he, nor any other has ever dared to give an injurious nickname to the French *of that wretched age of darkness* so abused by the *wits* of our days, the Age of Louis XIV.!......

suspected, to avoid participation in them; I would most willingly have exposed my life to save that of the King; I have sighed in secret over the ruins of that majestic throne, the most ancient in Europe, and the protector, for so many ages of literature, arts, and talents! When they decreed a Republic, I felt scruples worthy of a Frenchman; in the first moment of surprize, I cried, What! shall we lose Athalia......That masterpiece of french tragedy is never more to be represented, and must sink into oblivion! ....But, it was necessary to side with a party!....I wrote some patriotic Odes for them....—*Patriotic!* I cried, with horror.——I see, said he, that you are thinking of the execrable strophes of the impious and sanguinary amphigoric rhymer, whom the jacobins have named the *french Pindar;* who instigated and advised the profanation of the royal tombs at St. Denis. You may assure yourself I shall never so pollute the *language of the Gods.* I have limited myself in these

odes, to a general eulogium on liberty ....—You have only chosen a bad time for it; for it appears to me that *liberty* is not yet very flourishing in France; at least, it is not that which the ancients placed so ingeniously in their temples, between the statues of *Abeone and Adeone* the two divinities who presided over *departure* and *return.*—Yes, I acknowledge it, we are under a dreadful tyranny; and it is an unheard of event, that so brave a people could suffer themselves to be thus subdued by terror, or remain so immovable under the axe of a villain deprived of every virtue, a monster whose countenance is so mean, and repulsive! of a wretch without genius, talents, or courage; for it is well known that he unites cowardice to effrontery; he has only the energy of barbarity, and no other instruments than a band of assassins, a gang of galley-slaves liberated by new crimes, and who, after having murdered all the prisoners, are divided in parties, of which, some go to

raze castles, massacre priests, and noblemen, while others remain in Paris to excite commotions and immolate those who chance to escape condemnation by the revolutionary tribunals, which, to obey the tyrant, daily send so many innocent victims to the scaffold! How is it possible to comprehend the ascendant, the supreme empire of this horrible and vile usurper! Posterity will never conceive how such a prodigy of terror could have ruled over such a nation!......

I listened to Florbel with pleasure; happy in finding him possessed of such sound sentiments, I asked him why he had not emigrated? he answered by observing that he would have left France long ago, if he had been provided with any ready money. He then added, that he had a pension; and was also one of the committee of benefactions, where, though very little good was done, no one suffered by it; finally, that, with some common place ideas rounded into *inflated verses on our country* and about *liberty*, he was

certain, from having neither birth or fortune, to pass through the storm, and even occasionally to be of service to some of the unfortunate. I am employed at this moment, he continued, in devising means of saving a respectable old man, incarcerated, without cause or pretence, in the *temporary prison* which was formerly the college du Plessis..But as he is a nobleman and rich, I have very little hope. I inquired the name of this person, it was the Baron d'Hermilly, uncle to the Chevalier, of whom I have already spoken, and who had escaped to Spain by way of Bordeaux. I questioned Florbel on the situation of Count Joseph; It is not very dangerous at present, he replied, because he gives privately a great deal of money to certain chiefs of the ruling faction; but be assured his ruin is determined on, as well as that of all the great nobles; at this moment, I believe he thinks only of remitting his property to foreign countries. Advise him to use every precau-

tion, and to quit France as soon as possible. I also enquired about several other persons of our acquaintance, of whose fate I was ignorant: nearly all had perished on the scaffold: some few had escaped death by flight, and among others Mondor and his family. The Prince de S****, husband of Matilda, discontented with his wife, had saved himself by going abroad, abandoning her, carrying off his diamonds, plate, a great quantity of ready money, and leaving behind almost as many debts, as the property he left was worth. Matilda had been arrested and taken to the Luxembourg, where Florbel believed she still remained. I determined to inform myself of her situation, and devise some means of being useful to her. Florbel also told me that the Baroness de Blimont kept a gaming house frequented by Jacobins and women of bad character. He added, that this infamy was a protection, as in general *suspected persons* were sought for only among the respectable classes of

society. At the conclusion of this interview; Florbel advised me to paint a great many portraits of women, and even those of the citizeness Blimont's circle, because females were so advanced in heroism, that those who were the most despicable by their morals, became zealous and generous protectresses, when they could serve the proscribed; and added he, how many true heroines have, in those frightful times, immortalized their names by their filial piety, their conjugal love, their intrepid and faithful friendship, or merely by a magnanimous compassion!

Florbel also told me, that it was necessary for my safety, to appear sometimes at the Jacobin Club, and he accordingly promised to conduct me there. I left him to go and visit my cousin Le Dru, now become a great personage. He was member of the sanguinary committee *of public safety;* and was continually making motions at the Jacobin Club, against the nobility, this accounted for his being in place and enjoying so high

a reputation. He received me with great *kindness*, jocosely calling me a *beau*; but, he shewed so much friendship for me, that he appeared infinitely less ridiculous than formerly; at least, his style harmonised with that of our actual society; he had acquired a certain air of sharpness and deliberation which seemed to influence even his countenance; besides, it was the *true style* among the fashionable young patriots. After having embraced me several times, he uttered two or three republican phrases, and suddenly taking me by the arm, said, apropos, come and see my wife. This movement astonished me, for I had no acquaintance with her. Le Dru dragged me on rapidly; we entered an elegant house; when he cried: Hollo there! Here's citizen Delmour, our cousin, come to see you! he addressed his wife, burst into a loud laugh, while she threw herself into my arms. It was Matilda, the widow of my uncle, and wife of the Prince de S**** ! What said

I, then you have at last deigned to re-enter our family !..Yes ! and never to leave it again ! she answered in the same tone, for I find myself very lucky to have exchanged an old fool, cold and pedantic, for a good patriot, young, handsome, lively and amorous ; aye ! added Le Dru, success to fun, and long live the nation !....But, said I, how have you managed to get rid of your first wife, whom you praised so much, and whose disposition, as you said, agreed so exactly with your own ? Why, to tell you the truth, cousin Julien, he replied, she did not oppose me any more in that, than other matters ; when I spoke to her of it. My good friend, said she, as our separation is agreeable to you, I can refuse you nothing, and we demanded a divorce on the score of *incompatibility of temper* ; that's the way we settle these matters now-a-days, when there is no cause of complaint on one side or the other. Poor woman ! he continued, how well she behaved herself with me, and

certainly good conduct must be acknowleged by any one who possesses sentiment; in short, she loved me like the apple of her eye; I wished to console her directly, and got her married out of hand to our neighbour, Citizen Rochu, whom I forced to take her, a fort-night after our divorce.

I congratulated Le Dru on this symptom of regard; we chatted together for another half hour, when he invited me to dinner, and left us, saying he had a short way to go, and that he would return in less than an hour. When he had got as far as the door, he returned to tell me, that he had renounced his baptismal name, istead of Jacquot, he now called himself *Leonidas Le Dru*; for said he, the name of a Saint by no means suits a patriot. I alarmed him when I asserted that the name of Leonidas, as well as almost all other Greek names taken by the Patriots, were to be found in the Martyrology; he intreated I would keep that a secret, which I promised, and then

left me with his wife. Looking stedfastly at Matilda, I said ; Now that we can speak freely, permit me to inquire how it is possible that, with all your pride and ambition, you have been able to resolve on such an humiliation ?...... Humiliation ! she replied, that is precisely what I have not suffered ; I have maintained my reputation, and been always consistent in my conduct. It is true, I am ambitious, I love power ; when I saw it in its meridian, I was able to attain it ; now that it is sunk in the mire, I have managed not to lose my hold. Under the empire of the Jacobins, the Princess de S**** could only have been a victim, but the Citizeness Le Dru may act a distinguished part. I have my flatterers, I hold a court, my protection is frequently solicited, I can render services, and have already done some very important ones. In short *to reign* is always the same thing, under whatever title a government may be assumed. I had nothing to reply to this.

If talent could be found in a spirit of intrigue, in that subtil and *cunning* art, of which the perfection is to put the most petty means in play, and combine such low manœvres, it must necessarily be admitted that Matilda had a superior genius; be this as it may, I never met any ambitious or intriguing female who could be compared to her. I learnt that, after having been abandoned by the Prince, she was thrown into prison at the Luxembourg; that from thence she had seen all the nobility who were confined there, conducted to the scaffold; that Le Dru, who, in his capacity of *commissary*, went to inspect that prison, had fallen in love with her, and that it was only by marrying him, she could save her life. She also told me that her husband Citizen Leonidas contrived to obtain restitution of the jointure of fifteen thousand francs per annum; which had been settled on her from the Prince's property, while Le Dru, who no longer carried on his former business of a butcher,

had, from his places, an income of thirty thousand francs; so that they were very rich. I remained with them the greater part of the day, and went to pass the evening with Edelie, who confided to me, that, Count Joseph had at last nearly completed his preparations for departure; and would go in about a fortnight to one of his estates, for the purpose of collecting a considerable sum of money, when he would have the sure means of escaping with her. I pledged myself to follow them without delay, expressing a hope that it would be in my power to join them in six weeks at the utmost. Having previously received an assurance from Edelie, that the count did not require me to accompany him at present.

CHAP. III.

Florbel takes Julien to a Woman, that wants to have her Portrait painted.—Who she was, meritorious conduct of the Abbé Desforges.

FLORBEL came one morning to take me to a *Citizeness*, who wished to have her picture taken; he informed me that as she was amiable, beautiful as an angel, and the mistress of a powerful *terrorist*; I might consider her as an useful acquaintance; she was styled Citizeness Chomel. We reached her house at twelve o'clock; she received us in a magnificent drawing-room full of rich gilding. The Citizeness was seated on a sopha, while the apartment was faintly, but agreeably, lighted. Her countenance struck me, although it was in the shade, not only from its beauty, but in bringing some confused recollections to my mind, which

neither a difference of dress or several years that intervened, did not contribute to dissipate. She whispered something to Florbel, who, having presented me, took leave, and left us together. I sat down without saying a word, when the Citizeness giving me a little rose-coloured bag, said, take that and smell the per-perfume of marjoram and lavender, perhaps it will refresh your memory !... I had once received one exactly similar from Adeline, the object of my first love ; I had therefore no longer any difficulty in recognizing her, in the Citizeness Chomel !........ Our conversation was very animated and impassioned ; Adeline possessed natural good sense and an excellent heart. I recommended several unfortunate persons to her, and she promised to use all her interest to save them, especially the worthy Baron d'Hermilly and the Countess de Volnis, whom I have already mentioned, when giving an account of the cotillion in which she danced with Edelie at the Spanish Am-

bassador's. This lady, with an unblemished reputation, at the age of twenty-six after having seen her husband guillotined, had been kept a prisoner in her own castle, which was confiscated and turned into a *provisional prison*; there she remained for two months, with other prisoners, her neighbours, whom she had formerly received as friends in this same castle, and where they had been seen so gay, brilliant and happy!.... Falling ill there, she was transferred to a neighbouring town, in which the terrorists caused her to be placed in a public hospital, where she still remained; and by a remarkable coincidence, this refuge, this asylum of the poor, had been founded by one of her own ancestors!*....Adeline, to whom I related this history, was greatly affected, and she proved it to me, for, a week after-

* There have happened, to the Author's knowledge, two examples of this astonishing vicissitude in human affairs, under the reign of terror.

wards she obtained an order to convey Madame de Volnis to a private house in the same town. Sophie Durand, whose friend she was, sent her money, and the poor creature recovered her health; but always feigned sickness, to avoid returning to prison.

I saw the Abbé Desforges frequently, he exposed his life almost every day, in going to say mass in cellars, baptizing children, and offering consolation to the dying. Calling to see him one day, I found the Abbé dressed in the uniform of the National Guards, he informed me that he had just been confessing a nun of the order of Charitable Sisters, who was dying at the Hotel Dieu, and that he had administered the sacrament to her, without any person perceiving it, whilst the commission of terrorists was assembled in the same ward of that hospital. This ceremony was managed in the following way: he had first requested leave of the commissioners to say a few words to a sick person who

could give him intelligence about some family papers: as his military dress prevented any suspicion, they granted his demand without hesitation; he then went to her bedside, skreened himself behind the curtains, told her to confess briefly, gave her absolution whilst he took from his breast the box, that contained the consecrated wafer, and administered it to her. If, at that moment, the terrorists, who were still walking about the room, had had the curiosity to draw the curtain aside, this worthy clergyman would have become at the same time both priest and victim!*.....

The Abbé also told me that he was that evening to visit one of the assassins of the month of September, who being on his death bed, gave some signs of repentance, of which his wife wished to take advantage; for she always held his crimes in abhorrence. I wanted very much to prevent the

* Historical.

Abbé from going to the house of such a wretch, fearing lest they might have laid a snare for him; but seeing he was not to be intimidated, I intreated him to take me with him, that I might at least defend him in case of need: when it was dark, I put two pistols loaded with ball, into my pockets; took a large sword cane, and thus armed, I went to seek the Abbé. It struck ten o'clock, when we knocked at the door of an old house in the Rue Gerard-Boquet; a moment afterwards, I heard the sound of a woman's *sabots*, of which the unequal steps announced that she was lame; the door opened, we went in; a female, whose looks were hideous, and whose countenance seemed really ominous, closed it after us; she held a small lantern, containing a glimmering light, the passage was narrow and gloomy. I felt much agitated at being in such a place, and kept close to the Abbé, who thought only of Heaven, taking special care to keep my hand on one of the pis-

tols: we ascended to a second floor, and entered a room strangely furnished, in which, with a few rude articles, and scattered paper hangings, some small mahogany tables laden with porcelain, and a beautiful chimney clock, were seen.... It naturally occurred to me that all these things, so misplaced there, were the fruits of pillage, or the spoils of emigrants.......A young girl was seated in a corner crying: I know not why it was, but the sight of her recovered me a little. The lame and humpbacked woman then whispered to me, *Citizen Vicar*, *stay here*, and approached a door, inviting in the same mysterious manner, *the Citizen rector* to follow her. As I went there merely to guard the Abbé, I did not quit him, but went on close behind; our conductress led us into a large chamber, where a most frightful object met our view;....this was a tall haggard looking man, extended on a trucklebed; the expression of his face was truly atrocious; in his paroxysm of madness,

he had thrown off a red nightcap, while his black hair bristled on his head. A bleeding at his nose, which nothing could stop, renewed to our minds, all the horror of his crimes: his shirt and arms were bloody; such he appeared amidst the massacres of September, just so he was at his last hour, infuriated and bathed in gore!......His wife now introduced him, whom she termed the *Citizen Rector*; the murderer then shuddered, extended his trembling and ensanguined arms, crying with a sepulchral voice, Begone, begone! there is no mercy for me!.... This arm has massacred more than ninety priests!.......Well my son! the Abbé replied, bless and thank God, who has saved one to absolve you!*...... At these sublime words the fury of this wretch subsided, his arms fell on the bed, his countenance softened, his eyes filled with tears, and he dared to lift them towards heaven! ...... The

* Historical.

holy priest, worthy minister of the God of clemency and peace, threw himself on the bed of this unhappy object, took him in his arms, pressed him to his heart, and by the most tender exhortations infused repentance and hope into his tormented soul ! Suddenly the dying man joined his hands, shut his eyes, and seemed to pray with an ardent devotion... Tears bedewed my cheeks, and, as I perceived he was about to confess, I hastened into the next room. At the expiration of half an hour, the Abbé rejoined me, he pressed my hand, exclaiming with great fervour, I am satisfied !...... Admire, added he, the Divine Mercy ! If this unfortunate person should live, mankind will be for ever inexorable to him ; yet, in a few moments providence has had compassion on his sufferings. There are crimes which nought can expiate in the eyes of man, yet an instant effaces them in eternity !......We left this house at midnight, when I was very happy to find myself and the good Abbé once more in the street.

The following day passed much more gaily with me, it was the festival of *Frugality*.* Count Joseph, Solmire, Delorme, Florbel, Boutet, Le Dru, a military commissary, two army contractors and myself, went to dine at the best tavern in Paris. Resolved to celebrate the holiday of *frugality*, we remained five hours at table; Florbel sang bacchanalian verses of his own composition, and we all got tipsy: it was necessary to conduct the Citizens Cato Boutet, and Leonidas Le Dru to their carriages, nor did they recover the effects of this debauch for several days after: so much for frugality! This festival reminded me of another no less burlesque, that of conjugal faith,† when I counted thirteen divorces advertised in the newspapers on the morning of its celebration!

Had it not been for the terror which

* Vide National Almanac.

† Ibid.

congealed every heart, I could have led a very agreeable life, for I enjoyed great independence. I drew a great number of cameo designs and miniatures, which sold very well. My talent had therefore procured great reputation among the terrorists, who composed the *court* of that time. I had the honor of drawing the portraits of Danton and Marat, to whom I could not go without horror; however nothing depicted their ferocity at home; their houses and furniture were not those of austere and stern republicans, but of epicureans of bad taste. It was for them and their mistresses that night tables were invented, so gallantly transformed into *altars of love*, curtains suspended from arrows, bows, and quivers; the draperies without symmetry, the hangings in little plaits, &c. It was curious enough to see the sanguinary Danton rise from a perfumed bed, decorated with all the attributes of love; and the execrable Marat in a saloon ornamented with vases of alabaster full of flowers, and little statues

of Venus, the Graces and Muses! Nature had stamped the forms and phisiognomy of all those monsters with characters of indelible infamy: Robespierre and his principal accomplices were hideous; baseness, imposture and cruelty formed the frightful expression of their distorted features: I was so struck by it, that I took the two portraits of Danton and Marat with a degree of truth which shocked all those who saw them; it might be said that those two pictures resembled to *a terrific pitch*. One morning, at a sitting, which Marat gave me, the horrid look of this monster so fully reminded me of his atrocious crimes, that I was on the point of fainting. He perceived that I grew pale; after which I excused myself on the plea of not having taken any refreshment, when he ordered me some wine and a slice of ham which I was obliged to eat to support the deception. His conversation was no less horrible than his looks; he repeated what he preached every day in his Journal;

he said that it was still necessary *to strike off twenty thousand heads to ease the population, which had become too numerous.* At other times, he maintained that it was impossible to avoid destroying the clergy, whose *celibacy had been so fatal to the population;* and he did not fail to add that a state required *only a mild, rational religion, free from all superstition*, that is, without clergy, doctrine or devotion. These philosophical dogmas were addressed to those of his friends who came to keep him company during his sittings. As to myself, I affected so much application, such an exclusive passion for my art, so complete an ignorance of every thing else, that he felt satisfied it was useless to speak to me about any other subject than painting or music; and that, beyond these, I was a complete fool. I perceived but too well, by his conversation, that the proscription of the nobility would not admit of any exception, and that it would soon burst forth;

I gave notice of it to Edelie, who partook of the extreme alarm I felt on this subject; but Count Joseph, detained by the desire of taking a large sum of money with him, still deferred his departure, nor could any thing induce him to hasten it! For, my own part, said Edelie, I have long since saved all that I esteem most precious; I have confided the letters from my parents, brother, and your self, to the Duchess de Palmis, as also the beautiful book of drawings you made for me, your emblem of hope, my diamonds and will. This conversation pierced me to the soul the more so as it was impossible to prevail on her to quit France before her husband; but Count Joseph, who ought to have insisted on that step, did not approve of it: a victim to her duty, Edelie felt no temptation, or even a desire to withdraw herself from the continually increasing danger which menaced them. As I have already observed, it is impossible sufficiently to admire the heroic courage dis-

played by all the females at this period ; I had another instance of it constantly before my eyes : the worthy Madame Thibaut, as well as a great number of persons among the citizens, was what we then called an *aristocrat* : she had sent her younger son, who had taken holy orders, to Germany. Too sincere to dissemble her opinions, and rational to expose them, she conducted herself with prudence, and spoke openly only to her friends ; with others she was silent and circumspect, but always ready to expose herself when it was possible to serve an unfortunate sufferer, she was even capable of incurring every risk on the first emotions of her compassionate heart. This excellent woman had really a noble mind, and as much capacity as most unlettered individuals possess ; her language, though less defective after marriage, was still often rendered ridiculous by an odd turn of expression and false combination of words ; yet, you always retained some

striking or well-digested thought from her conversation, I found the same pleasure in listening to madam Thibaut, that we experience in reading Montaigne: though her phraseology made me smile, I could not help respecting her ideas. One day that I had dined with her and my mother, she was informed that a Commissary was coming to make *a domiciliary visit* at her house: Thank God! she said to us, they come too late; I had concealed an unfortunate gentleman for three weeks, but he arrived in Switzerland six days ago.

I remained to witness the visit of the Commissary, who really came; he was accompanied by two other men that were entirely subservient to him: the tone and manner of this man was more insolent than any thing I had as yet seen. Madam Thibaut's indignation actually elevated her above all fear; she received him coldly and never replied otherwise than by *yes* or *no Citizen.* She preserved so calm and dignified an air, that the citizen

Commissary was greatly struck with it, and I perceived him looking at her with astonishment. He searched every where with an affectation of minute scrutiny; nothing remained but a small chamber; Madame Thibaut opened the door merely to shew it; but the Commissary must go in, when he discovered the portrait of the young Abbé Thibaut, which his mother had not dared to keep in the apartment where she received company. What! exclaimed the Commissary, who is this in such a ridiculous dress? Madame Thibaut did not reply. What! he continued, is that little gownsman your son? Provoked at this impertinent question, she could no longer contain her anger, looking sternly at the Commissary and with a degree of haughtiness that cannot be expressed, she said, Yes, villain, *I do myself honor* by him. Although she placed a strong emphasis on the false concord, *I do myself honor*, this bold reply did not appear the less

sublime ; it was the *let him die !* of the markets ; My blood ran cold, while the Commissary and his assistants remained immovable and stupified ! ....

This circumstance proved to me, that true greatness is superior to all social compact, or literary attainment. In situations of danger and while the great passions of the mind are agitated, good taste, and the rules of grammar can add nothing to the eloquence of sentiment and force of nature. I was convinced that the virtuous and heroic Madame Thibaut had ruined herself, as in those times much less than this, sufficed for condemnation to death. I hastily arranged the speech with which I intended to address the Commissary though I had not the smallest hope of being able to soften him ; I was going to speak when he turned to his myrmidons and mildly said, every thing must be conceded to a mother's feelings ! . . At these reviving words, I was almost tempted to throw myself at his feet. As every thing

is relative, his *clemency*, at that moment appeared as magnanimous and worthy of admiration, as if he had pardoned the most perfidious attempt on his life. He merely approached Madame Thibaut and gave her a slight reprimand: disarmed by his unexpected kindness, the latter replied to him with gratitude and respect: he told her that he knew she was in reality *a very good patriot*; and desiring her to be perfectly tranquil, left us astonished at the happy result of his visit.

We learned afterwards that this *republican*, who affected so coarse and surly a manner, was a very worthy man, who had taken the employment he exercised, only to protect the individuals who were subjected to this kind of inspection; and I have known many others that acted from similar motives. It was towards the middle of this very day, that Marat's death was announced; the assassination of this monster was one of the most courageous actions that false heroism had ever produced, and the

most pardonable crime committed during the revolution. Some days afterwards, I attended to witness *the funeral pomp* of the above sanguinary demagogue. I had already seen that of Voltaire, which was in every respect equally burlesque and scandalous! but if this parody on pagan ceremonies was ridiculous, at least they were honors rendered to the superior talents of an illustrious man, who would have merited distinguished respect: if about thirty volumes, which disgrace the collection of his works and his memory, could have been left in oblivion. *The pomp of the friend of the people* was equally pagan and much more ridiculous, besides being odious from the horrible recollections it revived. The procession was formed by the assassins of the prisons, and about fifty prostitutes dressed as *Vestals*, the *Maxima* or high priestess carried a censor containing the *sacred fire*. They passed by the sewer of Montmartre, when the *Vestals* almost suffocated, inquired from whence the offensive odour came, some one who hap-

pened to be present, pointed to the coffin of Marat, and said : *It is an exhalation from the Demi-god !* A short time afterwards, the mortal remains of Marat were ignominiously torn from the Pantheon, and thrown into this very sink. It was surprising that the man who dared thus to insult the *Demi-god* in the midst of his apotheosis had not been torn to pieces by the septembrisers ; he escaped with some abusive epithets, because a heavy rain which came on suddenly, as was also the case during the funeral *pomp of Voltaire*, excited great alarm for the *sacred fire* and *the Vestals*, who, in order to save it, with pettycoats up to their knees sought shelter in the public houses, where they were soon followed by all the adorers of Marat.*

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* All the above circumstances are faithfully taken from the history of those melancholy days.

CHAP. VI.

Julien goes to the Clubs of the Cordeliers and Jacobins.—His conversation with Florbel.—Proposal made to him by Durand.

I HAD so many occupations, and paid such a number of visits to my republican friends, that it was hitherto out of my power to visit the Jacobin Club; besides Danton, I carefully cultivated the intimacy of Le Dru, Boutet, and some other favorites of the great terrorists: those citizens, although signing death warrants every day, were very fond of amusing themselves. They had music constantly at their suppers, and I have often seen them *melt into tears* on hearing a *cantabile* sung. My voice and guitar pleased them excessively; there was no bounds to my complaisance when I reflected that my influence with them might, at some

future day be useful to Edelie; and it was for the same reason that I went to those Clubs, now become so sanguinary and extravagant. Florbel had told me before-hand that I should hear some dreadful things, but that it was necessary to listen to them with calmness, and not evince the slightest sign of disapprobation or surprise. I promised to be quite passive, and accordingly, we went. Our first visit was to the Cordeliers, where I saw cobler and porter orators, and even their wives and mistresses mount the tribune; all spoke with a prodigious strength of lungs against the nobility, clergy, and still more vigorously against *the rich*. Among others, I remarked a fish-woman, who repeated several times, that the *prejudices of mobility* could no longer be borne; she had intended to say *nobility*, but not a person at the club noticed this *trifling* mistake, and the harangue was not the less applauded; finally, I observed, that the great wish of all those personages was, to ape the con-

duct, of the president and members of the superior assemblies: I could not help comparing the people thus collected to talk nonsense in imitation of the chiefs of the republic, to so many ill-bred children left to themselves, and playing at some mischievous game, of which the mode diverted and occupied them more than the matter, while they believed themselves past their childhood, because they ridiculously imitated some actions of those who governed them. If they had been deprived of the *tribune*, their *president*, his *bell*, and the *rules of the house* established at the Convention and the Jacobins, they would have found but little interesting in those assemblies. We remained only a quarter of an hour, at the Cordeliers, and then proceeded to the Jacobins. When we entered the hall of this club, the first person I saw was Garnier, my perfidious secretary, who had so cruelly derided my credulous vanity in Sweden: his incendiary motions; his impiety and the cruelties he practised

during his mission in the Departments, had been rewarded by a place of great profit. His speech in the tribune, and those of all the orators who succeeded him, were equally contemptible and wicked. Florbel, who was in the next seat, more than once significantly turned his eyes towards me: and although he had summoned an impenetrable apathy to his aid on this occasion, it was easy for me to judge of his feelings by my own. When one has the misfortune to find himself in such company, he experiences great relief in reposing his eyes, from time to time, on a person supposed to be honest and rational. At the termination of the meeting, Boutet, Le Dru, and some others came to speak to us: even Garnier himself, had the impudence to come up to me with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance; and no doubt intended to embrace me; he inquired how I liked his speech. Boutet, very kindly interfered, by saying that *I was not accustomed to politics*, but that I was a good patriot,

and he would be answerable for me: Le Dru said the same; I then assured him that I had found his oration exceedingly moderate. At this assertion, Florbel could not avoid looking at me with astonishment, thinking probably that I might very well have avoided such exaggeration, with which he was so much displeased, that he came next morning to reproach me on the subject. But, said I, it was only what I really thought.—How absurd! exclaimed the Poet, they uttered the most extravagant atrocities: did you not hear Couthon propose to compile a *manifesto against all Kings, to denounce them at the tribunal of the people, that,* as he said, *they might not find a land to bear, nor a sun to light them!*—*Yes, I heard all that.—Well! and yet you found the orators very moderate?——Though I readily agree that those speeches were abominable, I am not the less of opinion

* Historical.

that they were moderate. These Jacobins are disciples of the modern philosophers: the most monstrous sentiments they utter, are to be found in the philosophical writings: nor do they even go so far as their masters. They do not say with Reynal, *mankind, if you would be happy, overturn the altars and destroy all thrones;* for, on abolishing the altars of christianity, they erected that of the *Goddess of Reason,* they have acknowledged the *supreme being and the immortality of the soul,* doubted *in the Philosophical Dictionary,* and completely denied in many other works by the same author and his friends. The Jacobins have established the system of divorce so much admired by the encyclopediasts; but, they have neither recommended adultery nor a plurality of wives, like Voltaire, Helvetius &c.† Robespierre

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* Philosophical Dictionary and Helvetius on the Mind.

and his accomplices have massacred the Clergy, but, they have not preached a crusade against christians; they have not commanded them to be *all exterminated by the sword or by fire*;* they have not said that a prostitute is more useful to the state by her profession, than a modest woman can be by her charity;† they have not declared that there is nothing good or bad intrinsically;‡ they have not decreed suicide meritorious; no one among them has prescribed the most horrible of incests, as a virtuous and necessary action,§ None, in short, have placed filial piety, and the love of our country, in the rank

* *Voltaire's Letters.*

† Helvetius on the Mind.

‡ *Encyclopedia,* article *Aristippus,* by Diderot. Voltaire says, in his dictionary, *we have no* other conscience than what we imbibe by time, example, our temperament and by our reflexions. Article *conscience.*

§ *Philosophical Dictionary,* article *suicide.* On incest, see *the Supplement to Bougainville's Voyage,* by Diderot.

of prejudices.* All this infamy would be scouted from the tribune of the Jacobins. I had therefore good reasons for saying that they are *very moderate*; and when I think of the school in which those people acquire their principles, manners and opinions, I admire their conduct, mildness and wisdom. At these words, Florbel smiled, held down his head and was silent. A moment afterwards, resuming the conversation, he said, it is very true that, in the writings of the modern philosophers, some phrases about virtue can neither compensate for, much less expiate such monstrous errors; for they are but mere ironical contradictions to those detestable maxims. We continued this conference, inexhaustible in philosophical citations, until the dinner hour; Florbel agreed that I was much better acquainted with the encyclopedical works than himself. When all those things are

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* See the Essay on the Philosophical Spirit, article *banishment.*

present to our minds, said he, we are fully authorized to despise the principles and character of authors, who have thus profaned their talents and tarnished their works; and it is only sufficient to have some respect for ourselves, not to call those who censure them for such turpitude, *ignorant detractors of genius.* Happy is the literary man who, during a long career, and in those stormy times, braving the clamours and injustice of party spirit, disdaining vain eulogium; has, in spite of calumnies and libels, constantly combatted those pernicious errors, from his first essay, till he has reached the brink of the sepulchre! such a man will find in his conscience a sufficient recompense for the persecutions of hatred: neither intrigues or cabal will, in spite of reason, taste and truth, place those frail garlands, those ephemeral crowns on his tomb so profusely lavished, in our days, on sophists, who have only endeavoured to nourish vice and flatter the passions; but honorable regrets, the gratitude of

the friends of virtue, morals and literature, will raise from his ashes, the only laurels which time cannot destroy!—My dear Florbel, I exclaimed with transport, you are now quite converted! Yes! it is indeed a proof of excellence to have always cherished such sentiments; yet it requires more strength of mind, firmness of character, and greatness of soul to adopt them with so much frankness after a long continuance of illusions..--I acknowledge, at last, he replied, that it belongs to religion alone, to give a foundation to virtue, a curb to the passions, and a glorious aim to talents. True, I answered, it ennobles and sanctifies all the gifts of nature! Without that, there is nought but pride, meanness and egotism; it is religion only which can hinder us from seizing on the rights of our fellow-creatures; it is to that, and not to philosophy, we owe the abolition of slavery. Man is naturally given to a spirit of domination; the more talented he is, the less is

he disposed to acknowledge his equals; most men of this description only wish to see inferiors: the true christian, on the other hand, regards the whole species as his brethren, and treats them accordingly. The religious man is by his faith, principles and doctrine, the most sincere friend of rational liberty and moral equality, the only one which can exist on earth. I confess it, replied Florbel, nor will I ever again range myself in the class of that crowd of modern writers who, like the most despicable coquettes, only aspire to the triumphs of seduction and imposture, renouncing all those of virtue and benevolence!

Florbel kept his word; for he immediately commenced a work full of energy and talent, the object of which, was to combat modern philosophy; he had the courage to publish it before the re-establishment of religion; a circumstance which did not prevent people's saying, that, after all, Florbel was only a hypo-

crite ;* however, to say the truth, no literary man had the least interest to be one, not only at this period but since the death of Louis XIV, to our own days; and from 1789 to the present moment, there has certainly been every thing to lose, without any hope of gain for those

* This is what the enemies of religion constantly said of Mr. de La Harpe, from the commencement of his excellent *Course of Literature*, in which he combats modern philosophy with such force, logic, and talent! He had the admirable courage to promulgate this Course, before it was printed. It was in the midst of the Jacobins, then all-powerful, and of disciples passionately attached to the modern system, and during the absolute decadence of morals and literature in France, that he dared to divulge those eloquent refutations. This work has rendered an immense and incalculable service to morals and learning; it ought, in fact, to immortalize the memory of its author.

The foregoing eulogy is dictated solely by principle; for personally, the writer has only had to complain of the man, to whom she renders this tribute; from the publication of Adele and Theodore, to Mr. de La Harpe's death.

men of letters who manifest a disposition favourable to religion in France.

I was completely absorbed with Florbel in a conversation which was equally interesting to us both, when I received a message from Durand, who requested I would go to him in his study, where I went immediately. He then told me that he had certain intelligence of its having been determined to banish all the nobility who were not imprisoned; and that those in the country, still more unfortunate, would be sent to the revolutionary tribunals, that is to say, executed without delay. Will you, he continued, redeem an interesting woman (Madam de Volnis) from a speedy and inevitable death which awaits her, if great haste be not used to fly to her relief? I consent, said I, exposing myself to every thing to save innocence; but, in this crisis, I cannot possibly absent myself from Edelie. In spite of all the interest I feel for Madam de Volnis, said Durand, be assured, Julien, I would never think of asking you this

favour, if it was in the least likely to compromise the safety of Edelie; the fact is, he continued, I am charged with a most important financial operation for government, and to fulfil my engagements, I have to send two or three agents to some of the departments, on the frontiers, and even beyond them. I shall therefore give you one of these commissions, by which you may easily contrive the escape of Madam de Volnis. He then entered into a detail of his plan for the accomplishment of this affair; when I could not help acknowledging that it was sure of being realized and would not endanger us; but, added, that I could not resolve to abandon Edelie. I shall be answerable for her, to you, with my head, replied Durand; besides, her danger is not imminent; you may easily return even before the decree against the nobility is published; if any attempt be made on her husband's liberty afterwards, I know how to preserve that of his wife. In short, it is only through me that you can hope to

serve her, and I give you my word that, to watch over her safety, shall be my principal care. Only think, my friend, that if you persist in refusing me, the unfortunate Madame de Volnis is lost without resource, for there is not another in the world, to whom I could confide such a secret, or give so delicate a commission. Besides, as you have long sought in vain the means of sending a letter to the Viscount d'Inglar: this rapid journey will amply afford them by taking you out of the country. This last reflection, added to the idea, that a refusal would relax the exertions of Durand in favour of Edelie, determined me; I therefore accepted the commission, and it was agreed that I should depart the next morning. Durand thanked me as if I had saved his own life; while I was under so many obligations to him, that it was extremely gratifying to have this opportunity of proving my attachment, but I had never before made such a

sacrifice to gratitude and humanity. On leaving Durand, I went to Edelie; this interview overwhelmed me with sadness. I could not reveal a secret confided to me on my word of honor, and on which depended, not only the life of my friend, but the innocent victim I had promised to save. The slightest indiscretion, a single word uttered unawares, might ruin both one and the other! It was therefore necessary to be completely silent on this point, while I told her I should depart next morning, for nine or ten days, and that I had to go a distance of seventy eight leagues! Her mournful surprise wounded me to the soul!....She did not however complain, but I saw too plainly on her expressive countenance, what her inward sentiments were! I added that Durand having unfortunately nominated me without my knowledge, I could not have refused the commission without becoming suspected, and consequently, without depriving my-

self of the means of serving her, when occasion required it. At these words she smiled sorrowfully, observing; but if this *occasion* should occur during your absence?——Durand, who is well informed on public affairs, assures me that there is no danger to fear until my return: Yes, she replied, in a tone of cruel irony, they will wait for you..... Raising my eyes to heaven, I told her in a trembling voice, that Durand had solemnly pledged himself to watch over her safety during my absence: You are truly fortunate, she replied, to be able to rely on the promise of a friend.—This cutting reproach threw me into a state of indescribable anguish: forgetting that I had only been decided by my regard for her interest, I thought myself culpable, on this occasion, and deeply repented having consented to separate myself from, or of abandoning her, when it was for her sake alone that I had returned to France; these considerations

deprived me of utterance, and I found it impossible to reply......—After a silence of some minutes, she resumed by telling me that she had been secretly informed, it was proposed to make a decree for exiling all the nobility from Paris; having completely lost myself, in the previous part of our conversation, I carelessly replied, that such was really the case, and that I had come to inform her of it........What! said she, and is this the moment you chose for undertaking a commission of financial affairs which will place a distance of eighty leagues between us!....Merely to please the chiefs of an infamous government, that has proscribed my family and will send myself to the scaffold......Ah! this is too much! I cried, pray think better of me!......After stammering out these words, I rose to go away, for I felt that I was on the point of revealing every thing to her....I had reached the door, when I heard the trembling voice of Ede-

lie, crying: Farwell then, Julien, farewell, no doubt, for ever !.... This heart-broken exclamation pierced me to the quick: I thought with horror of what might happen in my absence ....
Tears would have relieved me, but I could not shed one !...... It was impossible to support this dreadful state of mental oppression, and such violent emotion ; I tottered, a thick cloud covered my eyes and I fell senseless on the floor !............

On recovering my senses, I found myself on a sofa attended by a valet de chambre, whom Edelie dismissed when she perceived me open my eyes. | Julien, said she, weeping bitterly, the situation you are now in, proves that you know how to love...... Pardon the injustice of a heart easy to wound, because it is susceptible.... I am now satisfied that none but virtuous motives have decided you to undertake this journey, and moreover that you are not permitted to confide

them to me...... Confident of your sentiments, I shall view your departure without disquietude; there is but one species of fear for me. I have courage to brave every other!———

Language cannot describe how much these tender expressions tranquillized me! The angelic mind of Edelie had vaguely penetrated my secret! This gratifying thought relieved me from a state of dreadful anxiety........

Having expressed the most lively gratitude for this new proof of Edelie's confidence, I took my leave, with the utmost grief, though greatly consoled at the explanation which had just taken place.

CHAP. V.

A Conversation at Madame Thibaut's.—Julien departs and saves Madame de Volnis.

ON leaving Edelie, I went to dine with my mother at Madame Thibaut's where I found her cousin Ponthieu, the dyer, of whom I have already spoken, and at whose house I had deposited the portrait of the Duchess de Palmis; he bore an excellent character and possessed the most honorable principles; Ponthieu was a native of Lyons, and had not left that unfortunate city until he witnessed all the horrors committed there by the Jacobins. He informed us that, after the siege, Couthon, one of our *legislators*, went in great state to the Square of Bellecour, and approaching one of its superb sides, with a mallet in his hand, struck it gravely, exclaiming with a loud

voice, *Descend monuments of pride, I condemn you to demolition in the name of the law.** No doubt, said I, that this enemy of human *pride*, the modest Couthon, is a disciple of J. J. Rousseau who, in his political writings, proscribes the arts and sciences without pity; but if Couthon had followed more strictly the advice of his master, and if he had been consistent, he would not have been satisfied with this petty expedition; but, in order to restore us entirely *to nature*, he would have *demolished*, *in the name of the law*, all the other buildings, especially the theatres, against which his master has particularly declaimed, although he suffered a trifling absence of mind, by writing an opera; in that case those *proud* edifices would have been speedily replaced by huts and hovels of mud. Still we were lucky, said Ponthieu, that his modesty did not induce

* Historical. This square was really demolished, together with many other fine edifices.

him to destroy all our manufactories, from hatred to the beautiful stuffs that vanity causes to be bought and worn. At Paris, said Madame Thibaut, and in other towns, they have destroyed the tombs, robbed the churches; in the country, they have levelled the castles and cut down the forests; all which they call *regenerating* France!...True, said I, during the monarchy, our Kings, for fourteen hundred years, laid the foundation stones of the public buildings; and from the first year of the reign of republicanism, legislators have been the first to lend their hands, with solemnity, to demolish them!* What is still worse, added Ponthieu, is their telling us that every one is free to follow his religion, and then to murder our priests, shut up our churches, and hinder us from being christians! We are reduced to baptise our children with our own hands, in the best way

* *Historical Dictionary*, by Messrs. Chaudon de Landine, article *Couthon*, edition of 1810.

we can, with the water of our pumps and cisterns, without sponsors of either sex, or clergyman; truly a wretched mode of baptism! I have a little fellow at home, who, though only three weeks old, has been baptised in this way; but I succeeded at last in getting a worthy priest to leave his hiding place: when the poor babe was christened over again.

I congratulated Ponthieu on his religious principles. Marry, said he, it is not surprising, I have been, as one may say, brought up by the respectable rector of Neronde in Forès.* That worthy pastor, who died at the close of 1777, renounced a large fortune for the purpose of taking orders; he had, however, reserved a considerable annuity, which he always distributed among the necessitous. In years of scarcity he filled his barns with hemp and corn to sell again at a low price; he gave work to the poor,

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* The name of this inestimable man was Duvernay.

and had the children taught trades; he abstained from every excess, in order to give all he had away. The first Sunday in every month, he invited twelve inhabitants of his parish, to dine with him and talk over their affairs, reconcile their differences, and prevent lawsuits. His parsonage-house having fallen into decay, he had it rebuilt at his own expense; he visited the sick, and took care of the aged, the infirm and fatherless, I was one of the last number; he took me in my tender infancy, taught me my catechism, paid for my schooling, and bound me apprentice to my trade.*

Notwithstanding my anxiety and grief, this recital, whic hwas muc hmore detailed than I have related, interested me most warmly. I left Paris the next morning at five: by exactly following the plan Durand had pointed out, Madame de Volnis, who had timely notice, came to

* Historical. See the Dictionary of Messrs. Chaudon and de Landine, article *Duvernay*.

meet me at night, disguised in man's clothes; having conducted her beyond the frontiers, I delivered twelve thousand francs to her, from Durand, which he advanced, by way of loan, but in reality intended as a present. With this sum, a prudent emigrant might very well subsist six or seven years, and by purchasing an annuity it would have maintained her for life.

Madame de Volnis testified the most lively gratitude for my conduct; she promised eternal friendship, and inspired me with a truly sincere one for herself. I had only seen her occasionally, and although she appeared pretty, I was never very forcibly struck by her countenance: a person, however, to whom you render a great service is regarded with more interest, than ordinary acquaintances; I was pleased on catching the glance of her fine blue eyes, and could not help thinking her fascinating, notwithstanding her disguise. Her shape would have formed a study for a painter; she was

twenty-five years of age, though she scarcely appeared more than fourteen, but at the inns, I said she was only twelve. As she spoke English well, I passed her off as my groom; and, under the pretence of extreme youth and a pretended fall from a horse, I placed her in the front seat of our post chaise. When twenty leagues from Paris, I sent back my own servant to Durand, with an excuse that I had forgotten an important paper. I then proceeded alone until joining Madame de Volnis; when we arrived at the first village, I told the people of the Inn, that I had left my servant on the road, under the care of a surgeon, in consequence of a fall, and took another; they were thus easily persuaded that my travelling companion was in reality a little groom. I always spoke to her in English, and in a tone of great severity, whenever I thought myself overheard by others. She also acted her part with great adroitness, and refraining from all communications as we went along, together with her

seeming not to understand a single word of French completed the deception. At meals, she attended me very assiduously, and, as my harshness greatly amused her, I assumed an appearance of violent passion for the least forgetfulness of this kind, sometimes even threatening blows: being certain that the servant did not understand english, when no other person was present, I addressed her with the most friendly expressions, while my air and features demonstrated violent anger. One day when she could not avoid smiling at something I said, I flew to her as if determined to chastise her on the spot, upon which she seemed to intreat pardon in such an earnest manner, that it quite overcame my servant, who implored forgiveness for her. We travelled night and day; but a scarcity of horses, at the post houses, obliged us to sleep one night on the road.

The Inn was full, excepting a room with one bed, which was given to me; my servant offered to take *the little*

groom to sleep with him in a barn; I answered that he should pass this night on a mattrass in my chamber. We each slept in our clothes. When left alone, I intreated her to repose herself on the bed, while I could lay on the mattrass, but she would not consent to this: I therefore drew the curtains close round me, justly conceiving all that a young female of chaste and modest manners must feel in so awkward a situation, nor could I help suffering very much at her embarrassment. Notwithstanding the fatigues of travelling, she remained awake more than an hour, I heard her sigh repeatedly; those sighs, combined with our singular situation, excited more emotion than the recollection of Edelie could even dissipate!.......Having at length fell into a sound sleep, in about half an hour afterwards, I heard her pronounce my own name, blended with some confused expressions which it was impossible to comprehend. No wonder, said I to myself, if he who is snatching her

from a scaffold, has a place in her dreams!......I need scarcely say that, had my heart been free, it would have ceased to be so after this journey.

In parting from me, she wept, embraced and called me her second liberator; I was commissioned to make her warmest acknowledgements, to Durand and his wife, she then gave me a gold ring enamelled in blue, requesting I would keep it for her sake. We met a foreign merchant beyond the frontiers an intimate friend of Durand's, who was also returning from France, and had promised my friend that he would not only escort Madame de Volnis to the seaside, but procure a passage for her to England. He then informed her that Madame Durand had given him a sum of money to purchase those articles of dress, which were indispensible from the impossibility of bringing any of her own clothes away: so careful had her amiable friends been in providing for every want!

CHAP. VII.

Julien returns to Paris.—Disastrous news which he learns on his arrival.

My journey for conducting Madame de Volnis to the frontiers had been completely successful; we met no untoward accident whatever; entrusted with a commission for the service of the republic, and furnished with papers which bore the signatures of men who were then the most feared, I experienced nothing but kindness and *fraternity* on the road. But after leaving Madame de Volnis, I was detained for nearly a week more by the business which I had really to transact; so that altogether I was absent sixteen painful days. Dismissing my new servant, fifty leagues from Paris, I remained without one for the rest of the journey; when near the capital, I learnt, with horror, that all the nobility were banished from it; and, on arriving at

Durand's, my grief and consternation may be conceived on finding him confined to his bed, very ill! He had been overturned in a cabriolet four days after my departure; by which accident one of his arms was broken, and he had received two dangerous wounds on the head; however, there were assurances that his life was safe, but even this had been doubted till within two days of my return: it had thus been totally impossible for him to afford any protection to Edelie!.. —As Sophie would not permit me to see him, I deaffened her with questions, to which, she, at first, replied only with tears. I repeated with distraction, Madame de Velmas! Madame de Velmas! what has become of her?.... Sophie continued weeping, without making any reply.... Great God, I cried, she has perished! I can at least share her fate, and will instantly become my own accuser.—Stop! stop! she at length exclaimed, Madame de Velmas lives, and we shall save her.. These words, *she lives*, reanimated my

perturbed and almost broken spirit....I had given her up as lost to me, but on hearing that she lived, there was nothing else to communicate that could be above my courage. Edelie lived; I could therefore bear with all. What then? I replied, can have happened? where is Monsieur de Velmas?..Ah! Julien..—Well?—The unfortunate Count Joseph went alone to his estate; he had scarcely arrived there, when robbers, and assassins invested his house....he has been murdered..At these words, pale, trembling and distracted, I threw myself on a chair; while conscience demanded grief and pity, I could only experience remorse, for feeling a sentiment of inhumanity which resembled joy....Edelie was a widow, she loved me, and could now freely dispose of herself....It was in vain that I tried to banish this thought; it filled my heart and imagination, absorbing all my faculties......At last, resuming my gloomy interrogatory, I heard that Edelie was confined in a temporary

prison, of the Section des Piques, and the favourite one of Robespierre, situated in the Rue de Joubert. My sister wished to accompany her, but Edelie would not consent to it, and had therefore left her at the house, in charge of, a maid-servant in whom she confided. At the moment of her arrest, Durand could not even assist her with his advice, having been confined to his bed six days, wavering between life and death, and in a state of absolute delirium. But when once re-tored a little to his senses, he thought of nothing else, except how to insure her safety. As the prisoners maintained themselves at their own expense, my sister and the maid I have mentioned, named Victoria, carried her dinner to Edelie every day, which she, herself, went to take from them at the grated door of her prison. Durand, informed of this cir-cumstance, had sent Sophie, who took the place of Victoria, in order to condole with her. The latter had raised her spirits, by telling her that Durand would

be in a state of convalescence in a few days, when all his attention should be directed to the best means of causing her speedy liberation. Edelie had asked but one question, and that related to me; she inquired if I was shortly expected to return. Sophie assured her I was, upon which Edelie sighed, and said, He will be greatly afflicted at all these sad reverses!..Tell him that, above all things, I enjoin prudence and moderation. Agonized how to find means of being placed in the prison with her; it required all the ingenuity and persuasion of Sophie to convince me of the impropriety of such an idea, and she pointed out the necessity of remaining at large, as affording the only chance of being useful to her, adding that her prison was inspected, once a week, by two commissioners, who went there alternately; that, as one of them was to be sent into a department, there would then be another commissioner appointed in his place; and that it would be very desirable for the successor

to be some one who could favour Edelie's interests. I immediately thought of Le Dru, he being also of the same section, and instantly hastening to his house even before I saw Casilda. I was greatly mortified on not finding him at home; but Matilda seemed to feel very much for Edelie's situation, and promised that her husband would undertake any thing to serve her. She kept her word scrupulously, and like nearly all the females of that dreadful period, was heroic in zeal, kindness and courage, for those who had recourse to her protection.

I next went to see Casilda, who was inconsolable, and shed a torrent of tears, on perceiving me enter the room. In the course of our interview, I heard that Citizen Landry, wished to take her home again, but that my mother had opposed it; and agreeable to the laws of divorce, with regard to children, she finally gained her point. Casilda made me tremble, on telling me that her father was one of the commissioners of the prison, in which

her benefactress was confined, and not him who was about to leave it either! I felt satisfied that this wretch would be capable of any villany; for he had only attained the possession of considerable wealth, by his crimes. I now arranged to accompany Casilda, the next day, when she went as usual to the prison; and could have gone then, but I thought it best to give Edelie previous notice of my intended visit. I returned to Le Dru's, his good nature and kind promises delighted me. Amongst other things, Jacquot said that he was in a *capital way*, having managed to keep on the best terms with Legendre, an old *crony and comrade*. Legendre was a butcher; and of all the Jacobins, in favor at that time, the least cruel and vindictive; he had a kind of natural eloquence which gave him great influence in public affairs; entertaining the utmost contempt for money, he accepted places, but did not enrich himself. The want of education (for he could neither read nòr write)

made him sometimes mistake ferocity for energy ; but, on numerous occasions he opposed the atrocities which many of his party would have committed, at the risk of his life ; when Legendre did not confound crime with virtue, he detested it. The actions of this extraordinary man combined with his natural talents, furnish powerful arguments to prove the utility of giving instruction to the people. It is probable that, if brought up in a different way, he would have preserved France from the horrors and shame of the reign of terror. His reason and eloquence, if brought to perfection, aided by his birth and profession, would have given him a supreme ascendent over the people ; and from his sentiments, he was incapable of applying it to sanguinary purposes. I remained all the evening with Le Dru, and freely over looked his democracy and political opinions, though his arguments were neither pointed or brilliant, I was so well disposed in his favor on this trying occasion, that they did not appear

either extravagant or ridiculously expressed.

Although grace, elegance and wit, may dazzle and charm, it should be said in praise of the human heart, that the ascendency of courageous and active benevolence is a thousand times more powerful. What imperfections and even faults may there not be effaced by a generous impulse! and when a man's conduct is guided by such a one, what character does it not ennoble!......

I returned home early, for I felt a necessity of communing with myself. What a revolution in my fate! I might hope, or I should rather say did hope, with all the vivacity of love, youth and presumption! on daring to give myself entirely up to that sentiment hitherto so timid, and combated from the earliest days of my boyhood, how it exalted my ideas!....How sincerely did I now admire that system of *equality* which drew me nearer to Edelie, and which, even though not adopted by her, would always

weaken the pride of birth in her mind ; for a popular opinion, if it presents nothing criminal, usually exerts a certain influence over us, even when we endeavour to avoid participating in it. I repeated with transport : She loves me ; and our attachment is not a guilty one. I shall be her liberator, she may then sacrifice a vain prejudice that has no longer any foundation, and which the laws and reason have justly abolished ; she will doubtless recollect the multiplied and painful sacrifices I have made to her duties as well as my own : if so, she may probably be induced to recompense a passion no less pure than constant ! I shall receive Edelie's hand, and Eusebius himself will approve of our union : I shall become the husband of Edelie, and the brother of Eusebius !....No ! I have not sufficient courage or strength of mind to anticipate such felicity !....Until now, our lives have passed in a perpetual struggle to combat a passion that sprung up in the days of infancy, and henceforth

this very passion will be our most sacred duty ! . . . .

Thus it was that I bewildered myself between love and hope ; but, even this delirium soon produced the most painful uneasiness ; I depicted to myself so much happiness, and in such fascinating colours, that it appeared impossible for a mortal to enjoy it ! . . . . The member of a proscribed class, Edelie languished in prison ; she was noble and rich ; could I see and escape with her ! This thought overwhelmed me ; I represented the most horrible dangers to myself, together with all the ferocity of the monsters who governed us ! I saw nothing but a scaffold. My blood froze in my veins, and I fell into a reverie of despair !

Such was the wretched state of my mind, when day light appeared, next morning, and I had neither gone to bed all night nor undressed myself; I, therefore, went to Le Dru, hoping to hear some good news ; and although no change had taken place, he and his wife succeeded

in composing me a little; I then returned home somewhat less miserable, there to await the dinner hour of the prisoners.

With what anxiety and agitation did I not go to the house of de Velmas! Casilda was already prepared for my visit; she took my arm, and carrying one portion of the dinner while I conveyed the other, we proceeded towards the prison. On reaching the door, a most affecting sight presented itself; there were no less than twenty young women; some of them daughters, and others wives of the prisoners, all dressed as servants, bearing dinners like ourselves and waiting at the gate;* in this number, I recognized the beautiful Marchioness de Palmis: before the revolution she had, by her conduct, but too well merited public censure; however, like many others at this period, the misery and dangers of her husband's situation, who was shut up in this very prison, had brought her back to a sense

* Historical.

of duty: she approached me sorrowfully, observing: It is impossible to meet here without sympathizing. I answered, that I had not forgotten her former kindness or the gratitude I owed her, when she sighed, and begged I would call on her. At this moment we heard a noise which announced the arrival of the prisoners, who came to look for their dinners!....This was followed by a general rush towards the gate, a movement that was performed with so much impetuosity, that it appeared as if we wished to burst it open.. The most violent palpitation of the heart, and a universal tremour, obliged me to hold by the bars, for I could no longer support myself! The great iron gate of this prison is arched, and opens on a long vault, which extends into the court-yard: casting an anxious and penetrating look through the passage, I perceived a multitude of dirty figures, hastily advancing: this crowd, which came to besiege the gate, soon disappeared, for the

only object which attracted my attention, was a female in mourning, whose long black veil entirely concealed her countenance; yet she remained somewhat behind the rest, owing to a more measured step; her noble air was that of reflection and grief!......I could not mistake Edelie! my sister, who also knew the Countess by her mournful dress, the elegance of her shape and walk, whispered to me, that it was the first time she had seen Madame de Velmas with her veil down. I was struck with this proof of delicacy, which, in our first interview after the dreadful death of her husband, induced her to be thus veiled in black crape, by which a funereal barrier was placed between our sight!....Such a dismal reflection naturally imposed great reserve on me; I did not dare to raise those eyes, which she feared to encounter; I therefore delivered her dinner through the gate, with a trembling hand, preserving a profound silence. She sighed, and leaned towards the gate to

whisper to me, when I heard these words pronounced in a low and broken voice; *Request our friend to pray for him!....* By the words *our friend*, she meant the Abbé Desforges. I replied, (and such was the case,) that the Abbé had already fulfilled that pious duty. She bowed, as if to return thanks, but said nothing more. Whilst Casilda kissed her hand, she slipped a small note into that of the latter, and then retired with all the other prisoners. This interview was not such as I had expected, but it satisfied me, and I acquired an additional degree of esteem for her whom I so passionately loved. On leaving the prison, my sister shewed me Edelie's note, which was written with a piece of charcoal, she requested that I would, upon no account, return again, as I could not do so without exciting suspicion, and consequently exposing myself to persecution, while all means of being useful to her would be thereby frustrated. Feeling that this order was no more than reasonable, I

submitted to the painful sacrifice it imposed; but could not help envying the veil, which prevented me from once more surveying her lovely countenance!..

I communicated Edelie's commission to the Abbé Desforges: before she was arrested, he had gone several times to say mass for her in a cellar.* Since her imprisonment, he went to the same place to celebrate the office for the dead; and, according to her desire, he performed a second, at which I attended with Casilda, the woman who took care of her, my mother, Madame Thibaut, Sophie, Durand and Ponthieu. I never heard prayers with more devotion! I thought myself transported to the earliest days of christianity, under the pagan emperors, whose barbarity immolated so many christians! In this damp vault where there was

* Such were the places in which mass used to be celebrated in those days, and at the peril of the priests' life.

nothing to serve for an altar, except a plank placed on a cask, and no other ornament than a small wooden crucifix, the divinity, was no doubt, more honored than if it had been the most magnificent temple, and in the midst of all the pomp of religious ceremonies. The slightest noise from without, was so alarming! It might announce death! An information, a mere suspicion might deliver us to all the intolerant hatred of impiety, and in rendering us martyrs to our faith, make, at the same time, a victim of the sacrificing priest. Many masses were said at that period in Paris, with similar mystery and equal danger; none had however been disturbed, for the pious secret was never betrayed.

On the third day after my arrival at Paris, Madame Durand permitted me to enter her husband's chamber; we wept together, but he gave me very acceptable intelligence. Le Dru had been appointed one of the commissioners for Edelie's prison. This same day, Danton and

some of his accomplices, equitably tried by other villains, received the reward of their crimes, by being executed. On leaving the infamous tribunal which sent them to the scaffold, Danton said these remarkable words: *It was on this day that I instituted the revolutionary tribunal for which I ask pardon of god and man!** At least, on going to die, this wretch acknowledged Providence. Though, I had, as an artist, some connexions with Danton, Hebert and Chaumette, who perished with him; the fall of those miscreants did not affect me in the least; I appeared to be, (and with good reason), incapable of joining in an intrigue; I had no enemies, with the exception of Garnier, who had not dared to accuse me of having been attached to the Viscount d'Inglar, lest I should, in reprisal, publicly declare that he had been for above six years valet de chambre to Eusebius. The Jacobins, then in power, had sprung

* See the *Historical Dictionary* already quoted.

from the dregs of the people, and in spite of their affected contempt for the nobility, they all blushed for their birth, trying to conceal their base origin as much as possible. As in general, they had never had any acquaintance with the respectable classes of society, they were completely ignorant of the details of their domestic establishments. As to Garnier, he had no trouble in concealing his former connexion with Eusebius, all that was known of it, at the Jacobin Club, was the fact of his having succeeded the Viscount, in Sweden. Perceiving, besides, that I was very discreet respecting him, and without any ambition, he had no motive for being embittered against me: however, as one who had known him in his former state, he looked on me with considerable malignity, and well knowing it was impossible for me to esteem him, doubtless hated me, though he did not dare to injure or persecute me openly, which was greatly in my favor. In factious times, talents

merely ornamental, are a kind of safeguard: those only are hated, who are feared, and suspicion never attaches to him who paints, sings or appears to be entirely occupied with the arts, without shewing any pretensions to superior genius. Thus I had no personal fears; having acquired an excellent reputation for incapacity, which protected me from all the ignominious favors of the government; I shewed myself so ignorant and silly, that it was impossible they could think of offering me an employment. In this respect, I was a kind of Brutus in miniature, not indeed for dethroning the tyrant, but merely to prevent him from destroying. myself.

Boutet, to whom I constantly went to play the guitar and sing, exerted himself greatly to get custom for me, as a recompence; he influenced one of his friends, a member of the *Committee of Public Safety*, Citizen Publicola Cochon* to have his picture taken, and I was chosen to

* There really was in this committee a citizen of the above name which, in English, means Hog.

transmit the features of this interesting personage to prosterity. Boutet came one morning to conduct me to Citizen Cochon in the square of *Marat* : he appeared to be better dressed than usual, and when I enquired the reason, he informed me that, this day was the *festival of happiness*;* inconsequence of which, he was engaged to attend a *fraternal banquet*. I smiled when I reflected that those austere republicans would get as drunk *fraternally*, as they had at the festival of *frugality* ; for, they had only this mode of celebrating their festivals. We went together in a hackney coach ; scarcely had we reached the end of the street where I lived, when we heard a dreadful noise and great tumult : I put my head out of the window, and saw a numerous troop of men, in red caps, armed with pikes, who rushed on with the utmost fury ; I asked Boutet if it was a procession *in honor of happiness* ; instead of replying,

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* See the *National Almanac.*

he quickly ordered the coachman to take another road, much more indirect, which he pointed out. The coachman obeyed, when Boutet addressing me, said : I know what it is.—Well! said I. — You are a patriot, and may therefore be spoken to with frankness? — I know nothing about politics, but I love and wish for liberty, equality and *indivisbility* : I shall never have any communication with *Pitt* and *Coburgh*.—This is all that is necessary. — Tell me then what those madmen want, whom we met just now? —It is an insurrection that we *organized last evening*.—How !—Why we were in want of an insurrection ; liberty is in danger, and consequently public tranquillity.—And to restore tranquillity you promote an uproar like what we have just seen.—And does that surprise you?—I believe, without understanding you ; but how is an insurrection *organized?*—Very easily : two hundred thousand francs, in assignats, are adroitly distributed to a certain number of sans-culottes, in each sec-

tion ; after which they are invited to assemble and act for the public cause.—Why do you say that the assignats should be distributed *adroitly* to them ? no address is necessary to make people take money.—Pardon me, it is particularly so with our mobility, when the object is to put them in an uproar, for they won't receive regular pay. As the insurrection obliges them to lose so many days work, the money is offered as a reasonable compensation ; without which they would not take it. I will be answerable to you, that there is not a country in the world where the populace are more difficult to lead ; they do nothing here but by enthusiasm ; if we had not had a Mirabeau and other orators, the assignats would have had no effect, except on a very small number of the vilest mob ; but great assemblages could never have been formed. The French, especially the lower orders, naturally despise money : it would be easier to seduce them with a bottle of wine, drank in conviviality, than by

offering them gold, they might probably accept the money, but would do nothing. Have you not seen, after the *organized* pillages in Paris, the sans-culottes carry to the Convention and deposit on its table, considerable sums in assignats which they found in chests and desks?.. No, the people never sell themselves, they can only be led when converted into fanatics. It is what our *immortal* philosophers have so well prepared, by their *sublime* works, and which we have completed by our writings, periodical papers, orations and speeches.* What then is the object of those sans-culottes, who are in a state of insurrection to-day?—To go to the assemblies of sections, to deliberate there, with blows of chairs and benches, against the royalists who would oppose important measures, and we shall

* Though Mr. de Voltaire has written, *Let people read and dance; these two amusements will never do any harm to the world.—Philosophical Dictionary,* article *Liberty of the Press,* Encyclopedia.

recompence these orators according to the strength of their lungs and fists.*

I listened to these explanations with a dumb fear and air of stupefaction that Boutet mistook for the most lively admiration. He agreed, however, that many violent measures, adopted by the patriots, were repugnant to his disposition; but he consoled himself, he said, with the ravishing perspective of a moral *perfectability* to which we were advancing by gigantic strides; also with the interest of the human race, and the happiness of posterity. Boutet, during the two first years of the revolution, had asserted all these extravagancies from a sincere belief in them; but he only repeated them now to stifle his remorse, and dissemble his inward fears. After having given the first sitting to Citizen Cochon, I returned home, where I found Florbel waiting for me; I was alarmed at seeing him with his arm in a sling and a crutch in his

* Vide Chaudin's Dictionary.

hand: Compose yourself, he said, you act the part of a simpleton to escape jacobinical politics; and I, that of the lame, to avoid going to the club, now become truly infernal; the worthy Doctor Couad assists me in this innocent artifice. He then told me that he was going to seclude himself at home, and attend wholly to literature. As, before the revolution, Florbel had associated with the very best company, I advised him to describe it, in order to repose his imagination, so often stained by the hideous and grotesque scenes then going forward. It is my intention to do so, he replied, and I shall certainly not take the *Tales* so seldom *moral* of Mr. de Marmontel for a model. It is a pity that so estimable a writer should have had the unfortunate presumption to depict that which he had neither studied nor observed, and that he has during thirty years given to foreign nations such very false ideas of courtiers and polished society in France. The ignorance of some *customs* deprives an author's description

of accuracy, but it corrupts no one: it is not so however when an ignorance of manners, fashions and language prevails.

In the Tales of which we speak, you constantly see men who meet the most brilliant success in society, uttering the vilest sentiments, and explaining themselves with the greatest vulgarity; pictures as false as they are contemptible, and persons who would scarcely have been admitted into the lowest company. An author who had then passed fifteen years at court, and moved in the highest circles, wrote a criticism on the *Moral Tales*, of which M. de Marmontel acknowledged the perfect justness; as, in publishing a new edition of his Tales, two years after, he suppressed the following phrase in the original preface. *If these tales have not the merit of depicting society, they have none at all.*

I congratulated Florbel on the decision he had at length made, to give himself entirely up to literature: to devote one's whole time to the composition of

works of imagination, is the surest method of abstracting ourselves from the chagrins occasioned by these great political convulsions, which shew mankind in such an unfavorable light: Yes, said he, party spirit imperiously commands deceit, trick, and artifice. He would soon be deemed a fool or a traitor, who, attaching himself to a faction, determined to render justice to the virtues and talents of all the individuals of other parties. When men contend with fire and sword, they have no need of calumniating each other: in that case, cannon, numbers, and the military art decide the quarrel; but, when grouped in associations, they attack only morally; and fraud, deception and injustice become the most deadly weapons, not to sharpen them too much, is the utmost generosity to be expected from those who are thus engaged. In a private argument the most perfect equity may be maintained, but that is never the case when the discussion is general, as it is then prolonged whilst attachment to a party continues: to exaggerate the

talents of friends to the highest degree, and totally depreciate those of our adversaries, is merely not to betray the cause. In the latter case, people without principle, push their zeal even to the most atrocious calumny: he who respects himself, abstains from personalities; but, on numerous occasions, he lavishes either preposterous praise, misplaced admiration, affected contempt, or unjust criticisms contrary both to his feelings and information.—Thus then, when a man attaches himself to a party, it is absolutely impossible to preserve a perfectly upright line of conduct. Absolutely impossible.—And yet there is every motive to do so..—Yes, in the first moments of a great convulsion; as, for instance, of a revolution, sincerity may be found every where; whether in error or in truth, actions are guided by conviction, and enthusiasm; if equity be not observed, it is at least without duplicity; the injustice produced in the first rush of passion, is the result of blindness, and not

falsehood./ But when the government is organized, and parties become permanently formed under the appearance of candour, which gradually diminishes in a continual contest of opposite opinions and sentiments, corruption has taken root and gains daily upon mankind.—Then you think it is necessary to remain neuter?—That is impossible to men of mind and virtue. There is a mode of avoiding it which ambition will never choose, because it affords neither friends, partisans, or flatterers, still less places and emolument. — And pray what is that mode? — To abandon politics to those who have made them a peculiar study, yet always to remain devoted to the sole worthy class, which is morally the only solid foundation of governments. — But it will then be said of you that this is to belong, to a *party*, and one of religious devotees.—True, but we may be so without cabal, intrigue, or attempting to gain proselytes. A literary man has no need of chiefs; he has two guides, the scriptures and his conscience, which,

if united, never mislead, when he does not indulge in discussions, that should, in general, be left to theologians, and speaks only as a moralist. With that morality to which human genius will never add another degree of perfection, because it is divine, we are always right; and in this distinct part of politics, if a man is neither a fool or a hypocrite, he will always preserve his honesty, as religion equally rejects animosity, hatred, resentment and *officious* falsehood; for it expressly prohibits *a little evil* to be done with the intention to *produce much good.* Thus it is that principles may be maintained with vigour; but if our piety be pure, if it be not merely a cloak; we do not hate our enemies, on the contrary, we do them justice for those things which really deserve praise; far from seeking to revenge ourselves; we always pardon; knowing, nevertheless, that, in displaying these sentiments and this disposition, we cannot appear formidable even to the most

feeble adversaries, and that calumny and injustice are thus encouraged.—But what matters it! since we are sure, at least, of the approbation of the worthy, of enjoying peace of mind, and leaving estimable works behind!..—Yes, I intend to write novels and moral tales in every form! How gratifying to shut our eyes on what is passing before us, that we may form a new world to our own satisfaction; placing characters after our own hearts there; tracing the portraits of the friends who remain, and of those whom we have lost, recalling their good actions from oblivion! What happiness in these times to pass seven or eight hours sequestered in a study with a charming society of both sexes, whose inmost thoughts are in unison with your own; to live thus secretly every day with perfect heroes, incomparable heroines, under no apprehension of seeing them inconsistent; to separate yourself from calumniators, the ungrateful, and malicious; from your ruined country, and find yourself an *emigrant* (without leaving your own chamber,) surrounded by beings who never

leave you, who form the happiness of your retreat, and follow you in your solitary walks, who obtain for you the most delightful reveries, of which the image embellishes your dreams, and whom you always find again when you awaken ! In short, is it not enchanting to be habitually occupied with the most generous and tender sentiments, to exalt your soul with the enthusiam of virtue, and by the most affecting pictures, which can be presented by love, gratitude and friendship ! Is not this to surround yourself with roses, flowers and oderiferous perfumes, on the brink of a precipice while you look on a sky without a cloud, and which seems to open to you ?...... My dear Florbel, I exclaimed, this language enchants me ! I can never be tired of listening to it; your conversion is really sincere, for it has redoubled your vivacity and greatly augmented your poetical inspiration.* My

* The same remark was made on the conversion of Mr. de La Harpe.

friend, he replied, pressing my hand, it should be so; heaven is promised to vulgar souls when they abjure their impiety, but it is granted even here on earth to minds of sensibility and true poetic spirit. I could not avoid smiling at this new literary pretention. It was the effusion of a real devotee in his line, and now became the constant theme of my frind Florbel. And to say the truth, I never met with piety more exalted, sincere and amiable, than that which he professed.

CHAP. VIII.

By an ingenious contrivance, Julien finds means to keep up a daily correspondence with Edelie.—Her diary while in prison.

Being constantly occupied in thinking of Edelie, I went almost every evening with a hat slouched over my eyes, to roam about her prison. I knew that she was lodged near the roof, in a kind of garret; the window of her chamber looked on the court-yard, which was very small: I remarked that this window, which fronted a neighbouring house, also overlooked the *entresol* of it, and by a piece of singular good fortune, this little suit of rooms became vacant six weeks afterwards. I hired them immediately, under the pretence that an absent friend had commissioned me to take lodgings for him. Edelie had, through my sister, prohibited me from writing to her: and

it was in reality very dangerous to risk a letter. I heard from her, in detail, by Le Dru, who, as I have already said, was one of the commissioners of the prison; he told me she was as beautiful as an angel, but pale, sorrowful and silent; that she sometimes walked in the court-yard, where there was a sink that emitted an intolerable odour; that Edelie had proposed to her companions in misfortune, to draw a quantity of water from a well near the spot, and then to throw it down the pestiferous shore, which ran through the court; above all, she had herself, been very active in this laborious exercise.* How much did not this recital affect me! I was grieved in contemplating her elegant figure, like that of the lovely Rachel of scripture, bent over the border of the well, and those delicate hands, bruised by the course rope with which she exhausted herself to draw up a heavy bucket of water!....I sent some pots of flowers to her by Casilda, giving

* The above circumstance actually happened.

her notice, at the same time, that I had taken the apartments opposite to her in the neighbouring court-yard. I had not yet seen her at the window, which I did not dare to look at from mine, except from behind a shutter; at length, Edelie unveiled, but wrapped in long black crape, appeared; I did not lift up the blind, but shook it gently, to shew her I was there. She then placed herself at the window, and with her eyes mournfully turned towards me, remained there above an hour and a half. The succeeding days passed in like manner; at last, as the first three months of her mourning were past, I was emboldened to raise my blind.—Wishing to put a stratagem in practice that I had just invented for writing to her, I began by inspecting the front of the prison, and seeing that Edelie was alone at her window, I placed a large frame covered with white paper in my little balcony, in which I had written in very large letters, *Can you read?* As my frame was slightly inclined, and she looked down on it, I had com-

pletely calculated the distance, this expedient had all the desired success. She made me a sign of affirmation : I then removed the first sheet for which I successively substituted a dozen others written in like manner, and containing various informations that I wished to convey to her ; among others, that of always distrusting my execrable step-father Landry, one of the commissioners ; I told her, at the same time, she might confide in Le Dru without reserve.* The next day, she returned me thanks by Casilda. Emboldened by Edelie's approbation, but not yet daring to express my sentiments to her directly, I wrote in my frame such general reflexions as related to our attachment and peculiar situation. I had sent her some pencils, colours and paper. It afforded me inexpressible pleasure to perceive that she employed them in rapidly copying all she read on my frame. To collect my thoughts thus, of

* The late Mr. de Monville, saved the life of a young woman imprisoned in this house, by employing the same stratagem.

which she was the sole object, was synonimous to a reply. As she had told Casilda to ask me for some music, I wrote the following lines for her, and sent them by my sister.

HOPE.

Daughter of heaven, sweet Hope, whose strain,
Beguiles these silent sufferers pain !
O ! Soothe these sighs, unshared, unknown.
Come, but with blushing stealth as best,
Becomes the friend of love unblest,
And with this heart commune alone.

Link'd as I am by one dear name,
Enchantress thou shalt visions frame ;
That fortunes wrongs atone.
Come, but with, &c.

I ask not for those phantoms bright,
Tinged by thy prison's fairy light,
That blaze around love's vulgar throne.
Come, but with, &c.

Still leave me some luxurious tears ;
Sad reliques of departed years !
Steal from the past a tenderer tone.
Come, but with, &c.

On that very evening, when it was quite dark, I sang this sonnet at my window, accompanying it with the guitar. Three or four days afterwards, Casilda brought me a little journal from Edelie, written by her own hand, and which she had kept expressly for myself; the details of it are so curious, that I hope my readers will be pleased to see it transcribed here, especially as it is by no means prolix.*

Edelie's Jaurnal.

" After the dreadful event that imposes so deep a mourning on me, and such profound grief, I was *placed under a state of inspection*, an officer of the staff being appointed to overlook my conduct came to live in the house. He possessed those noble sentiments which distinguish the french military, and I had every reason to esteem him.

* The author of this work possesses the original of the above interesting Journal; that now presented to the public is a most exact copy and even a literal one; with the exceptions of two or three sentences added by the author.

"Misfortune and reflection had so matured Casilda, that she became a courageous and faithful friend to me; I consulted her on all my plans, and every affair, as if she had been ten years older. She slept in my chamber, and we often passed the whole night in speaking of our recent disaster, our fears and hopes. While thus occupied, one morning, about three o'clock, we heard a great noise on the staircase; it is incredible that, from living in continual fears as I did, I had not the smallest idea they were come to arrest me; by dint of believing it possible, custom had at last tranquillized me on the subject. My sensations were in this respect worn out; I merely thought that some one was going to the baker, because, at that time, to obtain bread, it was necessary to go at night. My door was at length opened; when my waiting maid, to whom they had not given time to prepare me, pale and trembling, suddenly entered, holding a light, and followed by eight men armed with pikes, and wearing red

caps, and wooden shoes, which made a frightful noise on the floor. One of them opening a large paper, announced that, pursuant to an order of the *committee of public safety*, I must be taken to prison. A second order of the committee, commanded that the generous officer, who had guarded me, should also be incarcerated; they then searched all my cabinets and furniture, opened the drawers, tossed over all my papers, sealing every thing up, and accompanying these acts with the most brutal language. I was even obliged to rise and dress myself before them. Casilda, bathed in tears, positively insisted on being imprisoned along with me: it was with difficulty I could make her comprehend that she would be infinitely more useful by remaining at home than in following me: while she constantly repeated in a tone that pierced my very soul, *but if with you, I shall partake of your danger!* I then left my house, it being still perfectly dark, escorted by twelve armed men; as four

had remained to guard the door. Some of the party carried torches. I was thus conducted on foot, as far as the prison, on our way there, they frequently repeated, in a jocular manner, that I should be very well off, as the section *des Piques* was that of Robespierre, so that I should be under his *protection*. Arrived at the prison, they made me wait at the door until it was decided where I should be placed: as the keepers had been awakened to receive me, I saw nothing but ill humour depicted in every countenance; after half an hour's further delay, the Escort left me, when the keeper ordered me to follow him, he was accompanied by his turnkey, carrying an old mattress on his shoulders; we then ascended to this garret, and opening the door, they threw the mattress in the middle of the floor, pushed me on it, locked the door, leaving me in total darkness! I had, therefore, no idea of the place in which I was; not having had time to survey the room; I sat down on the mattress, and felt such

a confusion of intellect, that I fancied myself exposed to the horrors of a dreadful dream; I remained immovable, and, as it were, frozen, when, sighs and groans assailed my ears.... there was a sort of negative comfort in thus finding I was not alone. Certain that they would not have shut me up with any but women, I exclaimed, who is it that suffers like myself, what is your name?—Alas! answered a weak and tremulous voice, I am the unfortunate Marchioness de Melcour.... It was the lady who, on the occasion of the Spanish Ambassador's ball, had retired from our quadrille in a way so abrupt and unexpected. From that time I had been constantly on terms of coldness with her, but, at this moment, I only saw her as an interesting companion in misfortune; I got up and went towards her bed, which was not difficult to find, as the room was very small, and mentioning my name, threw myself into her arms, pressing her to my heart with a real sentiment of affection. She had a young person as a companion

with her, we wept together till day-break. In the first moments of grief and fear, tears relieve the oppressed spirit ; but, if they be not afterwards dried by courage and resignation, a dreadful weakness succeeds. This was what had happened to poor Madame de Melcour; she wept and lamented incessantly, thus augmenting, her own woes as well as mine. Fortunately a chamber became vacant shortly after, and it being alloted to her, I was left to myself: I then arranged my little lodging as well as I could : and with great difficulty obtained permission to bring a table and chair, a small pianoforte and some books; these things gave me as much pleasure as if I had been deprived of them for many years. I laid out daily a plan for passing my time, which I have persevered in regularly ; I first pray, then play a little music ; I next read some good works already perused but without attention. There are many books which new situations or new studies should engage us to read again, even when they had been carefully perused before ; somethings are

always found in them which had not struck us at first, or that we had but imperfectly understood. Your attention in procuring me all that is necessary for drawing, has afforded another fund of amusement, and since my eyes can repose on the window which I overlook, I am no longer solitary; time would not pass without a portion of solace, were it not that the terror increases every day, and that every evening we receive those dreadful lists of persons executed, which contain the names of all our acquaintance. It is impossible to conceive the horror of the unhappy prisoners who are constantly expecting *their turn* for being sent to the scaffold. How much does not the sound of a horse's foot terrify us! We think we see the soldiers of the police coming in search of fresh victims; and when the animal stops at the gate, the general anxiety is indescribable; each asks himself, *is it for me!* ...... By a natural movement, whoever happens to be in the court-yard, flies to hide in a

chamber of the house, as if this could be a means of being forgotten: then they listen with a dreadful palpitation of the heart, and hear the terrifying voice of the jailor who calls loudly to the unhappy individuals who are sought for. One day, I heard Mr. de Choiseul* called in this way: I went down stairs, for I esteemed him highly; his manners were mild and agreeable, he was no less interesting for his social qualities than respectable for his virtues. This unhappy nobleman took my hand and pressed it with an eagerness I shall never forget. I returned to my chamber overwhelmed with grief. In three days after, the Duke was no more!....

"It is impossible to escape from one predominating thought, here no study whatever can withdraw our attention from it, we have the scaffold constantly before our eyes! My heart is torn when I think that I may never see my mother

* Father to the present Duke de Choiseul.

and brother; ah! what did I not suffer in the few days I was here before your return! What anxieties have I not experienced for Casilda, still scarcely fifteen years of age, and so beautiful!..I might well call on Providence to protect her in my absence!....

"I cannot conceal from you that the aspect of the prison becomes every day more alarming, and its regulations more rigorous. I know not what is preparing! ....However, we always find the means of giving a note when we receive our dinners, though the jailor is present, and shows great impatience, at this moment, which is the only interesting one of the whole day. This man is named Gossin, he is very insolent, and seems to take pleasure in frightening the prisoners by frequently reporting that more rigorous measures towards us are in contemplation. He then gives himself airs of mystery which congeal us with fear; he tells us continually that we shall be all transferred to the Conciergerie, and *that our business will be soon done;* he finds

me impertinent and haughty, because I keep him at a great distance. The turnkey is a true *sans-culotte* of extraordinary brutality; he is called André.—There are besides, in the interior of the prison, under the vaulted entrance and close to the jailor's house, a guard of eight soldiers, who are changed every day; two sentinels patrole each night, one of whom walks in the street before the prison, and the other under the arch, leading into the court-yard.

"We are our own attendants; I clean my room, make my bed, and fetch water in a pitcher. There are in this prison, two old ladies, Madame d'Ogni, wife of the former superintendent of the Posts,* and Madame de Montreuil, who is seventy-four years of age; she is imprisoned with her husband aged eighty-four! I feel great pleasure in being able to serve them also: I take their pitchers of water to them every morning; sweep their rooms, and

* Who possessed a superb and celebrated collection of precious stones.

help to make their beds. All these exercises, added to that of drawing water for the shore, strengthens and occupies me. A large open coach-house, in the courtyard, serves us for a drawing-room: the prisoners assemble there every evening, but I seldom attend.

"Your malicious step-father, naturally ferocious and provoked by not obtaining Casilda again, is my greatest enemy; but Le Dru is full of humanity and kindness to me. He came one day to my chamber and requested me to tranquillize myself, as he had found out a certain plan for foiling all the malice of Landry.

"Such is my situation. I hope in divine Providence; I have already proofs of its care, since you watch over my fate! ....I have written this little journal during the night, with one of the pencils you sent me; and which, during the day, is concealed in my bosom. Farewell, be prudent, and commend me to the prayers of our friend."*

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* The Abbé Desforges.

CHAP. X.

Julien has a singular Adventure.—Generous conduct of the Marchioness de Palmis.

THE affecting journal of Edelie brought back my sorrows in all their original force, and those dreadful apprehensions, which the promises of Durand and Le Dru had weakened in my imagination. I still, however, depended upon their zeal, and the journal itself afforded me a great source of consolation, from stating that Le Dru told Edelie he possessed the certain means of defeating the villainy of Landry: but he had, nevertheless, only given me indefinite assurances about her; when I went to ask him, what where the means he alluded to? they are very simple, was his reply. Landry, continued Le Dru, is violently enraged against the nobles, while I, for my part, think it possible

to be a very good republican without wishing to send them all to the guillotine; but Landry is truly blood-thirsty. I have heard him boast, that, when at the tribunal, he is always for condemning them to death, because it is the surest way of disposing of such people. I know that Robespierre is about to commission him to make a report, in detail, upon the cases of all those who are detained in the prison, of which we are the commissioners; those of whom he gives a bad account will assuredly be in great danger, and he will never speak favourably of the citizeness Velmas, whom he always calls the little conceited woman. I am, however, upon very good terms with Landry; I counteract him in nothing; he often comes to dine with us, when my wife makes him drink a great many bumpers of champaign, so that he likes us very much.—As he writes with great difficulty, it will take him a good while to draw out this memoir; for they have fixed a particular time for it, and he is, besides, both

drunken and lazy. I have already prevented him several times from beginning it, by taking him to a tavern. We both belong to the revolutionary committee of the section, where each member has his own private desk in the common hall.—The drawer of Landry's, like most of the others, has no key*. I shall watch him, and when he commences writing, as he will, according to custom, leave his work in the drawer, I can prepare fresh trouble, for him, by taking away his scrawl before he has quite finished it. He must then recommence his task anew; all this will give us at least six weeks, during which time we shall be able to take our measures, or the present state of affairs may be changed.—But if he should suspect you of this trick.—There is no fear of that, do not therefore make yourself uneasy, rejoined Le Dru; he thinks, that like himself, no one could steal any thing but

* This was really the case.

gold or diamonds; for he has taken largely of those precious articles from the churches, and the houses of the late nobility when putting the seals on their property: besides, he feels no distrust of me; he is moreover a great blockhead, and, as I have already told you, always drunk; he will therefore believe that the paper has been mislaid, so you need not disturb yourself any more about it, and I am more than a match for ten such as he is!—What I would advise you, is to endeavour to make friends a little with him. —But how am I to manage that?——By means of his wife!—She will never forgive me for her having been a servant to my mother.—That is not the difficulty; she is a very devil, and has still more malice than her husband: she cannot endure my wife, because she knows Matilda has been a princess, although this is to the honor of the *sans-culottes*, since she has married me.—How then can you believe that I have any thing to hope from such a creature?—Pshaw! she is

very selfish, and likes to receive attentions from handsome young men; with presents and flattery you will be very well able to render her tractable.—What! at her age? for she is full seven or eight and thirty.—That is of no consequence, she always takes presents, wherever she can get them. You should see how fine she dresses, and how she makes the plunder which her husband has collected fly.—And does he take this so easily?—Yes, she manages him, like a goose as he is. She paints with red, white and black, and is dressed out with ornaments of pearls, tinsel and diamonds: her husband fancies she has the air of a duchess, while my wife says, she is like a fishwoman of former times, dressed up for a holiday.......

I thanked Le Dru a thousand times for his kind intentions, friendly zeal and good counsel, by which I promised to profit. The following days my uneasiness became extreme from what I heard at Durand's, who was generally well

informed on such matters: he told me that Robespierre was making out new lists of proscription, in which the few respectable people, who still remained at Paris, would find themselves.—He added, that if this were true, he should still be safe for five weeks at least, because he was absolutely necessary to the conclusion of a financial operation, to which the tyrant attached great importance, and which could not be finished before that time. So that, continued he, I shall arrange the whole plan of my escape, in shewing the greatest security, we can therefore set off in a fortnight. At these words I declared to him, that nothing should induce me to leave Paris while Edelie continued in prison, and that I only begged of him to take charge of my sister.—I will take care of her with you, replied he; reflect, that, by remaining, you cannot save Madame de Velmas! and that you will infallibly perish yourself! Very well, rejoined I, am I not come to save her, or to share her fate!—Durand

had known for a long while that I inwardly cherished a sentiment more tender than friendship for Edelie; he did not believe me capable of a strong passion; I had never dared to speak frankly to him of an attachment that I not only condemned myself, but of which the positive and particular avowal would not have failed to bring reflections upon me, before the revolution, that would have wounded my vanity. I should have listened with pain to humiliating observations, even from a friend, upon my birth, station in life, and the folly of loving a person whom fortune had placed in a rank so far above my own: to have enabled me to bear, in speaking of her, those discouraging ideas of inequality, he must have possessed all the delicacy and generosity of Eusebius; however, every thing was now changed, there was no longer a nobility, or any distinction of rank.—Edelie had become a widow, my passion was now neither extravagant or culpable; I had, therefore, great plea-

sure in avowing and describing it, this was, as it were, to enjoy a new existence. —It seemed that, in speaking thus of my attachment, I rose, for the first time, above that inferior condition of life in which I was born.—My resolution deeply grieved Durand, who plainly perceived that nothing in the world would induce me to depart without Edelie!—You have a fortnight to reflect upon this, said he; before that, great events may happen.... One is weary of seeing such rivers of blood flow; the tyrant, made drunk with crimes, no longer keeps any measures; his scheme of government is nothing more than what might be expected from the rage of a madman; terror, having reached its acme, may give birth, at last, to a vehement desire to get out of this horrible state of stupor...They speak of a conspiracy; if there should be one, I shall know of its details, and if well contrived, why not be a party to it!—Such an enterprize is preferable to a flight, however secure!

I approved highly of this courageous

resolution, and Durand promised that he would acquaint me, as soon as he obtained any information upon the subject.

From my head being successively filled with hopes, fears and various confused projects, I was in no condition to apply myself to any occupation. Florbel came to ask me to go with him to see Kotzebue's comedy of *Misanthropy and Repentance**, which made tears flow in torrents from all our republicans and even the Jacobins. He knew that I was not acquainted with this scandalous production ; and I had no desire to go to the theatre.--Come, said he to me, nothing will put you better in possession of the actual manners of the day ; it is held now in our new political code, that virtue is not in nature, that innocence is insipid, and love but a stupid passion, if it be not, even in a woman, furious and unrestrained. Hence all the heroines of our novels and plays are *Mothers* before *marriage*, adulterous wives and licentious lovers. It is no longer

* The title of the Stranger, in french.

tenderness that is looked for, but unbridled passion.—This is all very easily accounted for. When the most frightful tragedies in real life are daily performed, how do you expect that the public is to be moved by the delicate sentiments and tender pathos of a Berenice and Zaire ?.. Your observation is a very just one, and makes me shudder in showing the influence which passing events have upon literature! .... My dear Florbel, replied I with a smile, you see nothing in all this but the interest of literature. It is, he rejoined, the interest of my whole life, past, present and to come ; besides has it not a connexion with every thing in society ? According to the principles, on which it is founded, and the manner of cultivating it, which insures its general success, literature either destroys or establishes morality. Yes, my friend ! the French, that people whose taste was once so noble and pure, will, for a long time, feel the want of strong emotions, which terrible recollections have rendered ne-

cessary.—Authors, who wish to please at any price, will present nothing for fifty years to come, in works of imagination, but *Demons* of men, *furies* of women, hairbrained youth, exaggerated characters and sentiments, atrocious conspiracies, frightful scenes, before which the cup of blood offered by Atreus, and the urn enclosing the heart of Raoul will be mere trifles....They will no longer feel the charm of those delicate shades, the gradual developement of sentiments; love divested of timidity and without restraint, will become a frightful and gross passion—friendship deprived of spirit, generosity and devotedness, founded not upon sympathy, but upon convenience, and the cold calculations of self interest, will be nothing more than a reciprocal combination of egotism and ambition.——What manners to paint! —instead of portraits we have only to draw caricatures. This may be softened a little, but it can only be changed by process of time, and after a long repose!

The wretches! into what an abyss are they not plunging us!—they also wish to destroy commerce and the arts!—St. Just said some days ago, at the convention, with the silly arrogance so natural to him, and his coffee-house erudition: "It is not the happiness of Persepolis, but that of Sparta, that we wish to give the people."——Yes, he has taken that phrase from the works of J. J. Rousseau; besides, be assured that the decline of the arts, of luxury and industry, is by no means a consequence of a decadence in literature. Whilst that decreases with morality, luxery, on the contrary, increases with corruption.——When the massacres cease, every one will be eager for enjoyments, and as riches will have passed unto the hands of those who never possessed any before, all the upstarts will put no restraint upon their taste for show, each individual will wish to cut a splendid figure, and luxury, above all, that of the table, furniture, and dress will be carried to the last degree of extravagance. Then

the arts of industry will, in a short time, make immense progress; the multiplied whims of epicureanism always insatiable, and which are so easily surfeited, will bring to light an infinite number of extraordinary inventions; and every thing, which has no connexion either with the soul or morality; all that is purely material will be brought to a surprising degree of perfection. After having exhausted our stock of predictions, Florbel absolutely forced me to accompany him to the playhouse, but it was so late, that we did not reach it till the last scene but one of the piece; we found, nevertheless, places still vacant in one of the first boxes, the front of which was occupied by two women very richly dressed; although we could not see their faces, one of the two peculiarly fixed my attention, by the breadth and nudity of her shoulders, the dead whiteness of which appeared very suspicious; and her head-dress covered with finery and jewels; she was taking a glass of ice, and her companion hearing

a waiter with lemonade passing the door of our box, turned herself round to call him, and ordered some ices, when I instantly recognised, by her shrill voice, the happy rival of my mother, citizen Landry's new wife! I should not certainly have known her face, disguised as it was with white and red, and over-hung with false flaxen ringlets, curled *à la Ninon*, and crowned with a diadem of jewels of all colours....This meeting appeared to be quite providential, and I determined to profit by it.—I therefore lost no time in making a very low bow! Hold! said she, it is Delmour! at the same time seizing the tray of ices which was just brought in, I presented it to her, and then gallantly paid for them. This is very good! exclaimed Lisy, astonished at my generosity. What! citizen, continued she, do you mean to stand treat? Yes citizeness, by the way of renewing our acquaintance; this answer pleased her so much, that she burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter, while she turned

to her companion, and whispered several words which I could not hear. During this time I was satisfying Florbel's curiosity about the strange *lady* who sat before us; when the curtain fell, the ladies rose from their seats; Upon which Florbel, with a very respectful air, offered his arm to Lisy's companion, who was young, red-haired and very plain, whilst I gave mine to Madame Landry.—I asked her if she had been much affected by the play, to which she answered, that she was not naturally *given to snivelling*, but the piece was *superb*.—Afterwards, in speaking to me of the heroine, who, in one of the pathetic scenes, falls to the ground in a fainting fit, she observed, *that sprawl went to my heart*. This *happy* expression of a lively emotion, afforded me the more amusement, from Florbel's having heard it, and even gravely remarked that indeed this *sprawl* was the finest passage in the whole piece.——At these words, Lisy looked at him with a frown, suspecting he was making game of her; for it is

remarkable, how soon an uneducated person is made sensible of the ridicule attached to an improper word uttered without hesitation, when she hears it from the mouth of one who has been well brought up, however serious he may be in repeating it.—Still keeping her eye on the poet, she asked me, in a low voice, Who is that *fellow?* At this *gentle* phrase, I hastened to assure her, that he was a *mad* patriot, living in dread of a paralytic attack, and subject to complaints, which confined him almost constantly to his chamber, out of which I had forced him this evening merely to divert his attention. This answer appeased Lisy's anger in some degree, and she soon agreed with me, observing that my friend really had a suspicious countenance. *How pale and lean he is!* added Madame Landry, with her eyes still fixed on him, then gathering herself up with dignity, she desired me to *call her equipage*, which I found much more modest than I expected, for it only bespoke a middling fortune,

while Landry had certainly committed crimes enough to justify his sporting an infinitely more splendid one.—But he was such a libertine, that his debaucheries swallowed up all his infamous gains, and even the salary of the places he held—he had in fact more debts than funds to pay them.

Lisy, when getting into her carriage, put her great broad hand, (than which a larger, or clumsier one, I never beheld,) into mine, and invited me to dinner the next day, assuring me that she should be alone, I was also promised an *excellent hash and fine soup*. After this agreeable piece of information, we took our leave of the ladies, when I proposed going to pass the rest of the evening at the Marchioness de Palmis, with whom Florbel was very well acquainted. He replied that he gave his consent very readily, feeling a great want of something to revive his ideas of elegance.—Arrived at the house of Madame de Palmis we found the whole family in con-

fusion; they told us that the Marchioness having learnt that her husband, who had been in a bad state of health for some days, became suddenly worse, and was in danger, instantly demanded permission to shut herself up in prison with him, and that she was already there; this was in fact to expose her life; for once in prison, even voluntarily, people incurred the same risk as those who were put in by the tyrants themselves. We sincerely deplored the fate of this brilliant and ingenuous woman, in whose soul there was so much elevation and sensibility, who, after having sacrificed her reputation and principles, not to a sincere passion, but merely to the illusions of a senseless and culpable vanity, was now hazarding her life, for a husband whom she had deceived, and sacrificing herself with enthusiasm to her sense of conjugal duty!

CHAP. XI.

Mysterious Scenes between Julien and Edelie.

I HEARD early next day, by Casilda, that they despaired of the Marquis de Palmis' life ; and that his wife watched by and nursed him, with the most assiduous affection. I went to my lodging opposite the prison ; it was raining, though not very hard, and I liked this sort of weather, because then, no one in the prison, with the exception of Edelie, appeared at the window. Having taken my usual station, I observed that Edelie's window was open, and in a few minutes she appeared at it : upon this I held up my paper-frame, containing these words, " How I hate my liberty, since it seperates us ! — Alas ! — What consolation have you ?" After having read it, Edelie answered, by pointing with one hand to

heaven, while the other was directed towards my own window..... I thanked her with expressions of the most lively gratitude, and then placed a fresh leaf on my frame, bearing these words: " Can you divine what I feel ?—" She made a sign in affirmation by putting her hand upon her heart: this clearly expressed that she conceived what my feelings were, by those which she herself experienced. There being some pots of mimosas and amaranths in my window, I plucked several sprigs, which I offered to her with transport; she understood this mute pledge of love and constancy. Instantly putting her hand upon one of the roses I had sent to her, and with which her balcony was covered, she gathered a rose-bud and held it out to me. This allusion to our old emblem authorized all my hopes; throwing myself on one knee, I raised my arms towards her, and, as if by the same impulse, she extended her's to me !.......Supreme charm of a love long contended with, but at length

become legitimate!.....Who could behold that angelic figure, rising from a tuft of roses.......That charming head still enveloped in black crape from under which her long tresses of flaxen hair escaping, fell among the flowers...Those arms of ivory which were extended towards me without any offence to modesty, since they could not touch me!...... Who could paint the pure delight of this ideal embrace, when, without timidity or reserve, her whole soul sprung forward towards mine....I did not feel that violent emotion, which the presence or recollection of her had so often caused; my heart was neither inflamed or overcome, it was deliciously expanded; I enjoyed, without agitation, the happiness of adoring her without remorse; in raising my vows to Edelie, I contemplated her as a superior being, all my feelings harmonized with that consoling and noble idea! — Restored to each other, what could we have to say, equal to that which the imagination inspired? we were

mutual interpreters of our thoughts. I did not speak, but my heart heard her, and we understood each other.——-What purity and delicacy must it not have imparted to my own ideas, since I sought to divine and penetrate those of Edelie! The rain having ceased, a light wind wafted over the enchanting perfumes which Edelie breathed.—They did not intoxicate me, it was not the devouring gale of Gnidos or Paphos; but the balsamic and blissful air of a peaceful Eden! A brilliant rain-bow now suddenly appeared over the street, as if to distinguish the abode of Edelie and her celestial figure, which, in the midst of roses and mourning weeds, the symbol of sorrow and love, seemed to be at once the genius of melancholy and profound sensibility. All of a sudden Edelie trembled, crossed both hands on her bosom, and raising her head towards heaven, she appeared to pray with an impassioned fervour; one might have said that her beautiful countenance, illumined by a ray of the sun,

had produced it, and reflected the light.—There was something in her attitude, and in her whole person truly divine; her eyes were fixed upon a sky of gold and purple; I thought she would have sprung towards it, to lose herself, and disappear there for ever from my sight! I contemplated her with mingled admiration and extasy, when I was startled from this delightful dream by the noise of several windows, which were opening on all sides......Kissing the lattice of my window, I threw myself on a couch in the recess of my room; for I was in a state of mind not to be described.—Never had I tasted felicity comparable to that which I enjoyed during this mysterious interview; this vague ideal conversation, in which I obtained the first avowal of my Edelie's returned love without dread of her scruples or repentance! There was such a perfect concord between my heart and conscience, that a joy, as lively as it was pure, removed every inquie-

tude from my mind. The situation of Edelie, her imprisonment, the reign of terror, our dangers, all was forgotten.—I had no room in my imagination for fear—I only had a place for hope—I was governed by one vehement desire alone, that of seeing Edelie again, and of meeting her regards.—Knowing that Casilda would carry her some books at noon, I resolved to accompany her.—It was now past ten, I therefore ran to my sister's, and found her on the point of proceeding to the prison: taking my arm, we soon arrived at the gate, and in a few minutes after Edelie appeared. On seeing me, she quickened her steps, having opproached close to the gate, she drew, from beneath her shawl, a little round box of pasteboard that she had intended to send by Casilda, but which she now gave myself.....She then sighed deeply, raised her eyes to heaven and immediately retired without affording me time to utter a single word. At some paces distance from the gate, she turned her

head round, when I could plainly perceive she was weeping!......That look so sorrowful, together with those tears, dissipated all the enchantment of the morning's interview.—On thus quitting me, she left a dreadful weight on my heart, a thousand melancholy ideas crowded at once upon the mind to overwhelm and darken my perturbed imagination! I remained fixed to the gate; until at length Casilda and Victoria, Edelie's maid, who had accompanied us, dragged me from it.—They were astonished at my paleness!....I implored them to conduct me to my lodging, where, in the hope of seeing Edelie, I intended remaining till the hour of dinner. As soon as I was alone, in my chamber, I instantly opened the little box, which Edelie had given me......I found a rose which appeared full of rain or dew drops....... And then unfolded a small billet containing these words: "Recollect *Oriana!* I am sure you will never forget, that I shed these tears after my prayer."....I called

to mind, that once in the country, we read aloud the old romance of Amadis, and that we had both been equally struck with the affecting action of Oriana, the heroine, who, when a prisoner, throws from the top of a tower, a rose bathed in tears to her lover. A captive, like Oriana, and comparing herself in every respect to that impassioned victim, Edelie, in having destined this precious rose for me, gave a pledge of the most tender and faithful affection !.....But why shed so many tears *after her prayer !* what motive could there be for that bitter grief of which all her features bore the impression ! ......, I did not perfectly understand the last phrase of her note ; there was I know not what of mystery in it, which started and distressed me. Her window was closed, she was looking for me no longer : it began to rain again, the sky was darkened, and thunder was soon heard !——I took my guitar, and in order to attract the attention of Edelie, I sang my romance, at that very instant

the window opened, and I saw her appear......Upon this, I drew the rose from my bosom, held it up, and then replaced it upon my heart, making her comprehend by my gestures, that it should henceforth remain there. She appeared very sensibly affected, but it was with an expression of the most profound grief. I happily knew, by means of my sister and Le Dru, that nothing had occured in the prison to occasion her fresh uneasiness; but her dejection impaired my courage and gave rise to the most mournful forbodings. Fine reasoning may allay the ebullitions of imagination and tranquillize the mind; but there is no logic to sooth an alarmed spirit. The storm, meanwhile, was redoubling its fury, the thunder was heard to approach nearer every moment. I well knew Edelie was afraid of it, and I made a sign to her, but in vain, to shut her window; she gave me to understand that she feared nothing in my presence......

All of a sudden a violent clap of thunder resounded through the whole prison, a vivid flash of lightning, which seemed like a thunderbolt, in throwing a strong light over the countenance of Edelie, made her appear pale and trembling.—An awful darkness succeeded to this terrible glare of light.—Edelie disappeared almost entirely from my sight; I could only discern, that, having fallen on the balcony, she was motionless, I thought she had been struck by the lightning, and imagined to myself either that she must be deprived of life, or was expiring, and that I could not possibly fly to her assistance!

The space which separated us seemed an insurmountable abyss, it was out of my power to remove it! . . . . . . Driven to despair I cried out with an agonizing voice "Edelie! Edelie!" This piercing appeal of a distracted mind was not lost in air. Edelie heard it. —Joyful moment! the recollection of which makes me tremble even now! . . . . . . Sounds full

of gladness reached my ears, a divine voice pronounced these words: "I am not hurt." — The cloud having discharged its thunder, day soon reappeared. I now beheld Edelie rising up, she joined her hands, and seemed to return thanks to heaven; I fell on my knees to invoke the God of pure and feeling hearts, who had saved her! I could have died at this moment, in saying "*I have lived!*" That morning was worth a long existence.—I had in a few hours experienced all the emotions, torments, and happiness of which the human heart is susceptible.———The rain, which fell in torrents shortly after, and which the wind drove against Edelie's window, soon forced us to separate, by closing our windows. After so many violent shocks, I was so exhausted that I could scarcely sustain myself; falling into my chair, I remained there above an hour without moving. Having but two ideas, which communicated a delightful calm to my spirits, these I repeated

to myself without ever being weary. Happy and divine omen! The thunder bolt, though so near, had not power to touch her, and her heart had responded to mine!

CHAP. XII.

Julien goes to dine with Citizeness Landry.—Strange Proposals which she makes to him.—Death of the Marquis de Palmis.—Apprehension. Terrors. Splendid Action performed by Le Dru.

At length recovering from the species of enchantment in which I was plunged, I recalled to mind, that I was engaged to dine with Citizeness Landry, who had given me the flattering hope of finding her alone! What a fall, good heavens! from the melancholy and celestial interview with Edelie, to visiting one of the grossest and most impudent of her sex! Nothing but the hope

of saving Edelie's life would have induced me to support the disgust created by such a contrast; I entertained hopes, that, what with flattery and money, I might render Madame Landry favorable to our cause, and that she would disarm the ferocity of her husband. Fortified by these ideas, I reached the house, and was very much astonished to find her *not* alone; for she had a young girl of thirteen by her side, who was embroidering a handkerchief, three little boys, the eldest of whom was about eight years old, were playing in the room in a very boisterous manner; and my arrival seemed to increase their noise. For Lisy had a little snappish spaniel who flew at my legs, barking with all his might; the children encouraged him with peals of laughter. A green parrot, which was in a cage, began to scream violently; at last, Lisy, with a shrill and sharp voice, ordered the young girl to cover the parrot's cage; flying to my succour, she drove the dog out of the room, and gave some hearty

boxes on the ear to the little boys, who set up a truly clamorous howling.—Lisy, quite beside herself, flew to the bell, soon after which an old woman made her appearance, and was told to set about executing an order, that of *taking away the rabble*; this was Lisy's own expression. The children rebel, a contest ensues between the old nurse and them; by the way of putting an end to it, Madame Landry rushes in among them, distributes her blows, with redoubled fury. The young girl takes part with her brothers, a general contest follows; at length, the cries of the enraged combatants, bring two footmen in, who seize hold of the boys and carry them out *via et armis*. The girl remains alone, exposed to the anger of Lisy, who attacks her with a torrent of invective, the former replies in the same tone. Lisy then seizes her by the arms, applies two vigorous blows and closes the door upon her. Such was my reception at the house of Citizeness Landry. Hitherto a passive

spectator, I now ventured to advance, while Lisy, like one accustomed to such scenes, or an actress who resumes her natural deportment, as soon as the curtain falls, went to the glass and re-adjusts her head-dress, which had been put somewhat out of order, in the heat of action. Ah! says she, one has a great deal of trouble with these young *brats!* —After this moral reflection, I enquired to whom this turbulent family belonged, by the *living gingo*, exclaimed Lisy, it is mine......How, replied I, yours? Is he surprized then; rejoined the citizeness accompanying her question, with bursts of laughter; But how is it possible? four children in as many months after marriage!......Well ain't you up to that? why you must be quite a ninny hammer!......They never spoke of them there things in former days; but now, the *sans culottes* makes no secrets...... But you need not wonder at it, there are no more hypocrites among us, that is all over by this time.—All the humbugs

have been sent to the guillotine, the nation will have no more of them.—It was very well among the big wigs, but in these days of liberty it won't go down!

I listened with a very grave face to this eloquent harangue, complimenting Lisy on her political sentiments, and the astonishing progress of her understanding; she answered, that there was nothing remarkable in it, since we had all become equal. Wishing to give the conversation a more friendly turn, I asked her some questions about her domestic affairs. It did not require many intreaties on my part to obtain her entire confidence.—She immediately, and without any circumlocution, told me that her husband was a drunkard, wencher, and rapscallion! that she was as weary of him, as of an old stock-fish, while her children were as mischievous as monkeys, and took part with their father in every thing; that her daughter was a little *minser*, who had already cut out plenty

of work for her: and she added, I am only thinking of scraping a littte money together, and then I can live after my own fashion, by making the fortune of some handsome good-humoured young fellow.

Lisy concluded this delicate avowal, by a roar of laughter, and giving me a slap on the shoulder, which made me wince, while her thick sprawling hand seemed to weigh a hundred-weight at least. My looks, and the soft tone of my voice, brought on this rude endearment, and I was beginning keenly to regret my docility, when relieved from my anxiety by a servant announcing that the soup was on table.

I got up from my chair more disconcerted than I can well describe, she however interpreted my embarrassment very favourably. — Come, what makes you blush? poor fellow! added she, putting her hand under my chin, make yourself happy, we'll talk this here matter over again after dinner, an assurance which

made me shudder. We now passed into the dining room, and placed ourselves at table.—Her daughter and the little boys did not fail to follow the example. Lisy made me sit by her; in a few minutes, what was my horror and surprise, on feeling her foot, the broadest and heaviest in Paris, placed on mine! This decorous proof of confidence filled me with a degree of indignation, which I could scarcely refrain from openly manifesting; but in repelling this infamous advance, I should infallibly lose Edelie. —My only alternative, therefore, was to leave her in hopes, and that in the explanation, I should find means to reconcile all, by giving her some money. In the meanwhile I pretended, in order not to irritate Madame Landry, to reply boldly to her mysterious advances, and began to tread on her clumsy foot with a species of violence, which she took for a transport of passion. Fortunately, however, I carried my gallantry rather too far, as she very soon thought proper to with-

draw her foot, leaving me once more at liberty. In order to complete my infatuation, she affected an infantine gaiety, and playfulness during dinner, with the exception of some moments of severity with her children, whom, in her maternal lessons, she called *porpoises*, *monkeys* and *pigs*, by the way of teaching them the elements of politeness; at other times she was sportive; as to the dinner, it was a real feast and would have been sufficient for a dozen or fifteen persons: the table was completely covered with a quantity of smoking ragouts, most of them very rich and highly seasoned. At the conclusion of the repast, she said, that we must have some champaign; they accordingly brought a bottle, and, as might be expected, it made the cork fly up to the cieling; in fine, she spared no pains to seduce me. I did every thing in my power to support this hideous coquettry with a good grace, nor was it possible to avoid reflecting that a great deal of what is practised in good company, under the

guise of elegant manners, was very often altogether as despicable ; but, in spite of all my endeavours, Lisy more than once accused me of awkwardness and constraint, she could not help saying, that she expected to see a *little more life in me.* On rising from table, I shook from head to foot, at the idea of being again alone with this creature ; and that she was, besides, without any apprehension of seeing her husband come in, Landry being, as she told me, *hooked in* for a drunken party that whole of the day, and the following night.——

When we had taken our seats in the drawing room, she gave me to understand, that she should now speak to me *roundly:* this was very alarming ; for I had no doubt but that, till then, she had but slightly revealed her thoughts. She began by proposing these unexpected questions : What have you saved of your uncle's legacy ?—Have you made any thing among the Inglars ? — Have you any funds in Durand's hands ?—Although I

did not at all expect to have found this sort of curiosity in her, I was instantly sensible that I ought to beware of admitting I had a considerable sum of money at my command, and I answered without hesitation, that I had made away with every thing, nothing remained as I lived solely on the produce of my talents.—-What! is all your money gone? rejoined she, it is with the girls then; but I don't mind that a button; as for me, I have my savings, and they amount to something; besides them I have my diamonds, which is immense; they can be sold. I'll obtain a divorce in a little while, it will not be to marry again, however, I have had enough of that; but if you like it, I'll give you a lodging; and we can live together. I thanked her most heartily for this *honourable* and kind proposal, which I by no means rejected.—But beforehand, continued I, you must give me a positive proof of the goodness of your heart....—How? I interest myself in the fate of the Citizeness

Velmas on account of her brother, to whom I have long been attached ; besides, since she is a good republican, you ought to afford her your protection..... Landry detests her, yet she has done him no harm, on the contrary.--Ah ! that is not the difficulty, she has made him pocket many an affront, those here *has beens*, think one is not worthy to untie their shoe strings, at present they are ready enough to *knuckle down*, but as the saying is, every dog has his day. My dear Lisy, with your talents and beauty, you can do what you please with your husband : you must save this poor woman.....— I agree, but first Landry wishes to have Casilda back again and a portion with her.——How ! with a portion.....Yes, La Velmas must give him a mortgage, for a hundred thousand francs, upon her property ; that is what he wants.—He may get the money, but they will not give up Casilda, my mother will never consent to it.—They may give the money then ; well, listen to me, let them offer

a hundred thousand francs as a portion for my daughter, I will settle it with Landry.—Very well, but what sureties will he give?—I can see none but setting the Citizeness Velmas at liberty.—And who will answer to me for the money?—Her note of hand and my word of honour.—You are then responsible to me?—Set her at liberty, and you shall have a hundred thousand francs with a handsome present into the bargain.

This promise quite enchanted Lisy, who immediately pledged her word to employ all her credit, in favour of Edelie; she then wished to bring back the conversation upon her project of an union with me; I however interrupted her by saying that, before I could undertake such an engagement, it was necessary that I should previously have a proof of the goodness of her disposition and heart; that, if she performed this noble action, she might then depend upon me for life and death.—As the hundred thousand francs began to get possession of her imagina-

tion, her fondness for me was becoming but a very secondary idea, so that our interview terminated in this manner; without her being offended, we separated, and I got out of this dilemma with unspeakable joy at having been able to conclude it so happily. On leaving the house, I reflected that, if vice were always to shew itself in this hideous shape, it would create so much horror, that there would be no merit in cherishing a love of virtue!

Some days afterwards I saw Le Dru, and gave him an account of all that had passed between Lisy and myself, he was charmed with it, and told me that he should soon see if she interfered to any purpose, and that he would let me know the result as soon as he heard of it himself. At the end of this week, the Marquis de Palmis died, in prison, in the arms of his wife, who had nursed and watched by him during the last seven days, without taking a moment's repose. The good Abbé Desforges, under the

disguise of an apothecary, found means to introduce himself into the prison, and to administer the last consolations of religion to the dying Marquis. The Marchioness, as we had forseen, did not recover her liberty, but she submitted to her fate with the noblest resignation.

Shortly after the above melancholy event, Le Dru entered my chamber, one morning, with an air of great exultation, and shutting the doors with great care, sat down close by me, observing, that *the blow was at length struck*; for he had just taken from the hall of the Revolutionary committee Landry's memorial respecting those confined in Edelie's prison. He added, that taking advantage of a moment when no one was in the hall, he contrived to slip the paper out of Landry's unlocked drawer, he had then carried it to Edelie (it being his week for visiting the prison), under pretext of inspecting the rooms of the prisoners, which often happened, he went into that of Edelie, and showed the article that re-

lated to her, which commenced with these words: "*La Velmas, the most insolent in the house*"—the rest of the statement was equally atrocious; and if given in, Edelie would have been conducted to the scaffold the next morning! When Le Dru entered her room, he found her before a lighted chafing dish, making her chocolate.—After a rapid perusal of the memorial, he gave this sanguinary libel to the flames, by puting it under the chocolate pot,* and assuredly added Le Dru, she will never take any chocolate that can do her so much good as that which has been boiled with the sentence of her own death!

In a state of the utmost agitation, but penetrated with gratitude towards the good Le Dru; I hung upon his neck and

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* A person still living, and whom the author of this work ought for ever bless, one who did not commit a single bad action in those days of terror, and only accepted the place of commissioner from motives of humanity, did all that has been related above, by which he, in effect, saved the life of a young female..

embraced him with transport; for, in performing this noble action, he had exposed his own life.—Ah! my friend, cried I, your courage and friendship will produce only a delay! That monster will recommence the diabolical memorial.—Whatever may be the consequence to myself, I will steal it a second time.* The effect, which this sentiment, so truly heroic, had upon my heart, was inexpressible.—How far at that moment did not this young man appear above the vulgar! He, whom I had seen in such ridiculous situations, whose education and manners had made me blush so many times! what littleness did I not find in birth, rank, elegance and fortune, compared with this native greatness of soul and sublime humanity. Believe me, said he, a great change is preparing, I am informed of it by Legendre, who predicts favorably of the result.—But be silent! be discreet!

* This was actually the case.

our lives depend upon it—all that is requisite is to gain time.

Landry will take a fortnight at least to recompose the memorial.—It is clear, his wife has not been able to soften him, and that she has tried to keep the hundred thousand francs, which we promised to herself, it would be very dangerous to offer money directly to Landry, for he tells every thing when in liquor; but rely upon me! we have gained one respite, I promise you a second, I have a presentiment that we shall get over all the difficulties of this affair!—

These assurances tranquillized me a little, but from that moment the *reign of terror* which even then appeared to be at its acme, still increased every day. Florbel had been denounced, and was obliged to conceal himself; and, but for the good offices of Le Drù, I should have been myself arrested. Durand retained by his affairs and property, which he could not find resolution enough to aban-

don, did not make up his mind to fly, but he had not a moment's repose.—none dared any longer show himself in public, or pay visits,...you became distrustful of every body, not excepting relatives ; domestics, and even confidential friends—nights deprived of sleep....meals without comfort...the frightful and continued spectacle of carts, loaded with victims, traversing Paris in all directions towards the scaffold, denunciations and arrests more frequent than ever—all these multiplied horrors, gave to existence, already trembling and beset with terrors, pangs of the most painful agony.—In the midst of so many crimes it was easy to despise life, but how difficult to support the danger of the being whom one loves ! I only thought of Edelie, this was with distraction and an oppression of mind, that took from me even the shadow of repose !

CHAP. XIII.

Fall of Robespierre.

On the 27th of July 1794, I awoke a little after day-break with a shivering fit or kind of convulsion, which I had constantly experienced for three weeks before. When dressed, I went to Durand's house; he had also arisen, and was alone in his study; instead of writing at his desk, according to his usual practice, I found him walking about with a hurried pace. Struck by his extreme agitation, I questioned him as to the cause? He made me no reply; but went towards the window, opened it, and leant mournfully over the balcony: observing two tilers on the roof of an opposite house.—Ah! said he, how I envy the lot of those poor men! — If any thing displeases or alarms them, they may take their departure without delay:

happy, a thousand fold happy, are those who have now neither fortune, property or ties of kindred !....Why did we not make our escape six weeks ago ; it might then have been easily accomplished : O ! that we were now beyond the frontiers ; though reduced to depend on the fruits of our industry alone, but free and out of the reach of these terrible shocks !

During these heart-rending exclamations, I remained immovable, and looking towards my friend with inexpressible consternation, after a few moments silence: What has happened? I eagerly inquired....What are you afraid of?—Ah Julien ! exclaimed Durand, the die is cast......If the monster does not fall this morning, we are undone.......... How ? I rejoined.—The monster will triumph, I have a presentiment of it.... We shall be all given up to plunder and massacre......Oh ! why have I not followed the advice of my wife ! In uttering these words he fell into a chair, covering his face with both hands. For heaven's

sake! said I, with considerable impatience, leave these useless regrets which are only tolerable in the mouths of women. Tell me what they are about to do?— Durand, somewhat piqued at this remark, was going to enter into an explanation, when a melancholy and terrific blast assailed our ears, it was that of the tocsin !......And fairly petrified us, we thought we had heard the last trumpet sound!—At this moment the door of the study opened, and Sophie, bathed, in tears appeared, holding her two children by the hand. Ah my friend! cried she, you would not believe me, and this is the consequence; we are ruined, Robespierre carriesall before him.—Who told you this?—The servant, that has just come in. The municipality is arming for him; every thing is in an uproar. At these words Durand, with great precipitation, opened a closet, and taking out a small iron box, concealed it under his coat, having then said a few words, aside, to his wife, he rushed out of the

room......I concluded that he had gone to hide some papers and money, in which I was not mistaken. Accursed wealth! exclaimed Sophie (carried away by her sorrows) of which he would be the guardian and preserver, you will only serve to insure the destruction of us all. Ah! that we had remained content in the humblest mediocrity.—Sophie, interrupted I, tell me! has Robespierre been denounced? Yes, said she, and your friend Le Dru is in the plot. -- Where is the attack to take place!—At the convention. — That is enough, said I. At these words I sprung towards the door, and hurrying to my chamber snatched a poignard, which I had concealed in a cane; this was instantly placed under my waistcoat, and thus armed, I hastened out of the house.—There was a prodigious tumult in the streets, which were crowded with people; resolved, however, to join Le Dru, and share his fate, I did not stop a moment, or speak to a soul. Having passed through the *place de Grêve,*

which was covered with armed men, who were crying out: "*Long live Robespierre !*"* I arrived out of breath at the convention.—It was with the greatest difficulty I could get into the hall; at length, however, I penetrated the crowd, and, after looking anxiously round for Le Dru, I was fortunate enough to discover him: placing myself close to the spot, he recognized me with astonishment. I then whispered, Here I am Le Dru, nor shall I quit you again. At this moment Robespierre ascended the tribune; his complexion was paler and of a more livid hue, than I had ever seen it, while his eye balls were swimming in blood;* instead of insolence and pride, his physiognomy expressed nothing but terror and dismay;

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* Historical. These men were employed by the members of the commune, attached to Robespierre's party.

† It was said at the time, that for several months, previous to his fall, the whites of Robespierre's eyes had become suffused with blood!

every thing appeared to announce, that his horrible reign was nearly at an end. In fact, the cries of "down with the tyrant," were already heard on every side. With what ardour did I not raise my voice to these auspicious cries! Robespierre, as dastardly now, as he was arrogant and barbarous before, suddenly assumed the demeanour of a supplicant; he came down from the tribune to the bar, where St. Just, Couthon, the younger Robespierre and Lebas, were immediately placed by his side.

The tocsin continued still to sound, it was also announced, that Henriot, commander of the national guard, and a creature of Robespierre, was marching at the head of the municipality, to attack the convention. In a great political crisis, the public good can in an instant transform the most despicable and degraded of mankind into liberators of their country. The guiltiest Jacobins who, at this moment, dared to attack the usurper, were all of the above description,

and courageously defended both the honor of their country and the rights of humanity ; even the Convention, though disgraced by so many crimes, in declaring itself against the common enemy, became a respectable senate, which we were bound to defend at the hazard of our lives.

A part of the assembly rushed out with impetuosity to combat Henriot. Le Dru and myself were of the number, but the contest was neither long nor bloody ; all the sections united themselves in defence of the good cause, and we soon put Henriot to the rout. During this time, Robespierre found means to seek refuge in the Hotel-de-Ville.—The victorious sections besieged him there, and broke in by force; while Robespierre trembling hid himself.

A gendarme, named Charles Meda, perceived him and discharged a pistol at his head, which broke his lower jaw bone, and covered him with blood. They then carried him to the *Committee of Public*

Safety. This was the place where he had pronounced the condemnation of thousands! It was upon the very table he had signed so many death warrants, that he passed half the hours of his mortal agony!—Unable either to walk or stand upright, they threw him upon that table stained by his crimes, where his pen had authorised so many murders, and which was at last innundated by his own blood!—Some minutes afterwards, an unknown figure gravely crossed the hall, stopped before the prostrate tyrant, and addressed these remarkable words to him. *Well! Robespierre! there is a providence?** After having witnessed this terrible spectacle, I appointed a meeting with Le Dru, in the evening, and then hastened to the prison of Edelie, that is to say, my little apartment opposite.—She was at her window, and every thing in her appearance indicated the utmost agitation; she had heard the tocsin, but

* Historical.

was ignorant of the subsequent events.—I experienced extreme chagrin at not being able to apprize her of them ; every one in the house was at the windows, in a state of the greatest uneasiness, I dared not even allow myself to make any signs to her, fearing the malice of the jailor, who was a great partisan of Robespierre. Not being able to remain in one place, I went into the street, upon which the grated door of the prison opened.—I had been walking up and down for a quarter of an hour, when the shrill voice of the public crier announced a proclamation of the happiest import, and I caught with transport these words, although uttered from a distance:—" *Grand arrest of Catilina Robespierre and of his accomplices.* I hoped that this crier would pass into the street where the prison stood, and he did so ; but one of the sentinels, according to the order of the keeper, went to him and said : *Silence, and go about your business.*—You may go to the devil if you like ! replied the crier, much more

energetically, adding, while he pointed to the prison, *there are some unfortunate wretches, within those walls, that ought to know what's passing outside.* I was resolved to support this brave man with vigour, if the sentinel had persisted; but he respected the man's humanity, and permitted him to cry in safety to the very gate of the prison, "*Grand Arrest of Robespierre*, &c. I now fixed my ear to the door and heard a great noise in the house, they seemed to be running about, descending the stairs, and calling to each other. I presumed, with reason, that the happy proclamation had produced its natural effect.— On returning to my window, Edelie was alone at her's; I hastened to present a sheet of paper to her view, which confirmed the blessed intelligence; she conceived all my joy by the lively expression of her own; but suddenly making a sign to me, that some one was coming into her chamber, I immediately retreated from mine. I next went to rejoice over this great event, with my

mother, the family of Madame Thibaut, and my sister. On reaching home, I found Durand quite reassured, having forgotten his fears and remorse, for not escaping before the happy event: he was amusing himself with the terrors of his wife, and triumphing at having had the *prudence* to remain. I recommended Boutet, who had always been very obliging to me, to his protection;—although he had not entered into the conspiracy against Robespierre, he had done nothing against the opposite party.

Le Dru came to see me about ten o'clock at night, when we heartily embraced each other; he told me that Robespierre had been transferred into one of the dungeons of the Conciergerie, where he had entombed the greater part of his victims, and that he would be executed the next day;—I did not go to bed at all, myself, and I believe no one in Paris slept that night.—We now began a new existence as it were, and enjoyed it with delight, no one wished to lose an instant of it;

every honest man found in the signal punishment of this public malefactor, not only his own personal safety, but that of all those whom he loved.

Next day, the 28th of July, Robespierre lying upon a cart with twenty-two wretches, his accomplices, followed by an immense crowd, and in the midst of imprecations of hatred and resentment, was conducted to the scaffold. They made the vehicle stop before the house, which he had occupied, and there a woman with disheveled hair, not unlike a furious Bacchante, approached the cart crying out: '*Monsters! descend to Hell, loaded with the curses of all Wives and mothers!*'......

Arrived at the *place de la Revolution*, Robespierre was lifted on the scaffold, stained with the blood he had caused to flow, where the executioner soon terminated his detestable life, and that of his accomplices. Thus perished, in his thirty-fifth year, the most sanguinary of all villains! It is remarkable,

that, in his first publication (ten years before the Revolution,) he made an emphatic eulogium uponLouis the Sixteenth; and that, in his maiden speech from the tribune as a deputy, he exclaimed against the punishment of death, and proposed to abolish it. An imperturable *sang-froid*, not in danger, but in cruelty, held the place of courage, and genius in this monster: he was the only tyrant among us, who, caused terror and dismay to be carried into the heart of our towns and cities.

CHAP. XIV.

Sequel of the preceding Chapter.

It may easily be imagined that, in the first emotions of hope and joy, I had but one idea, that of obtaining the liberty of Edelie; they promised it immediately, but I was obliged to wait ten whole days; I was, however, divested of all apprehensions for her life. During the three weeks, which followed the fall of Robespierre, all the partisans of revolutionary cruelties and despotism were committed to prison, tried and executed. Among the number were my two personal enemies, Garnier and Landry. As soon as my mother was acquainted with the latter's arrest, she came to beg that I would solicit for him; I consented, but it was in vain; he underwent the fate which his many and various crimes so justly merited. My sister could not entertain a truly filial

affection for such a parent, still the title of father alone, and the nature of his death, would have given her a dreadful shock, and caused her great affliction. We, therefore, agreed to conceal this event from her, and took our precautions so well, in consequence, that she knew nothing of it, till two years afterwards.

I was more fortunate in my proceedings in favour of Boutet, who had been denounced ;—they recollected, that if he had often displayed opinions, that were reprehensible, they could not reproach him with any action that was criminal ; he had maintained to the full extent, the usual tone *of revolutionary bravado* ; but, in adroitly avoiding to take any share in their cruelties, he had even secretly rendered great services to the oppressed, and I had myself more than once put his good nature to the test in favour of Edelie, Madame de Palmis, the Baron d' Hermilly and some others.

Two days after the execution of Landry I had the curiosity to go and see the citi-

zeness Lisy, conceiving that, since she had promised in the time of her prosperity to serve Edelie, I owed her this mark of attention. I found her muffled up in mourning, and on going into the house, I perceived a middle aged man, who, on seeing me, rose up and went away. Lisy spoke with great decorum of her loss. Even forgetting what she had before said of the deceased, she assured me, that, *at bottom*, he had always been a *good kind of a man*, and had rendered great services *to the nation*. Having heard this eulogium, I inquired concerning her situation; she answered that Landry had never given her more money than was barely sufficient for the current expenses of the house, and that he had consumed fully as much as he had set apart for that purpose;—but added she, I had the address to *catch* all he had *picked up* in the shape of Jewels, and I am in possession of them to the *tune* of more than a hundred thousand crowns. I now hinted to her, that the set of coloured

stones, which I had seen her wear at the play, were certainly not worth an eighth of that sum; when she told me confidentially, they formed but a very small part of her riches in this way, and that she had a set of brilliants, *as large as apricot stones*, which were beyond all price, Landry had only given it to her, on condition that she should not wear it for five or six years; hence, she had carefully concealed them, because the present was *so valuable and showy* that at the first blush, *the envious would cry out* against it. Lisy told me, besides, that the man whom I had seen with her was a rich jeweller, who had not yet had time to inspect this famous casket, but that he appeared decided upon buying it, and that he would return early the next morning to examine it with more attention and enter into a bargain for its purchase. I was so indignant to think these diamonds were formed from the spoils of the churches and emigrants, that I hastened to terminate my visit, and

went to dissipate my angry feelings at Florbel's, who had left the retreat, friendship had concealed him in during the days of his proscription; it was under the roof of a virtuous family, in a small country house, that he had passed all that time.

The poet confided to me, that he was determined to espouse the daughter of the good widow, who had acted so generously towards him. I was acquainted with this young person, who was neither ordinary or very handsome, and possessed so few attractions of mind, and person, that I did not think Florbel could possibly be in love with her: and such was the case as he assured me, afterwards.

I represented to him, that it was possible to give a very lively proof of gratitude without marrying; he answered, that his word had been pledged, and must therefore be kept: as I had foreseen, this ill assorted union did not turn out a happy one, to either of the parties.

The next day, at ten o'Clock in the morning, just as I was going from home, my door hastily opened, and I saw Lisy make her appearance in a coloured gown, with a very disordered mien, her eyes flashing, and countenance haggard; she quite alarmed me, throwing herself upon a sofa, I looked at her with astonishment, What! saidI, have you already thrown off your mourning? I, cried she, shall I wear mourning for such a monster? How! you did not speak of him in this way, yesterday! Ah! I have discovered in this villian the abomination of all abominations!...

The impostor...beggar!...Guess what the jeweller has offered me for my whole casket?...a hundred and twenty livres; the diamonds are all false.—What! those that were as big as *apricot stones*?—They are christal!— And the coloured stones? They are of glass!—He had the baseness to have them all counterfeited on purpose to make a dupe of me, and in order that he

might have an excuse for not giving me money, the real diamonds he must have sold for his own benefit, for he had lots of them; and no wonder, considering all the robberies he committed! Is not all this a *burning shame?*

I raised the fury of Lisy to the highest pitch, by bursting out into a loud laugh at her recital; a part of her rage was therefore turned against me, and she did not leave the house, till after she had exhausted, with surprising volubility, her catalogue of injuries which was no less long than vehement.

CHAP. XV.

A delightful Evening.

AFTER so many tormenting anxieties and such acute uneasiness, I, at length, tasted the inexpressible happiness of going with the Abbé Des Forges, Casilda, Le Dru and Sophie Durand, to conduct Edelie and Madame de Palmis out of prison; they were both liberated at the same time. There was a great number of beggars at the gate, on our coming out, to these we distributed alms with a liberal and ready hand, when the two young and beautiful prisoners made their appearance, they testified their sympathy and joy in a most artless and affecting manner. Edelie, who had no money about her, took off a gold chain, which she wore on her neck, and gave it to an old woman, saying *Divide that among you and thank God for me!*

The voices of all these mendicants were instantly raised to give this promise and to bless the donor! As soon as we had taken our seats in the carriage, we let down the blinds that we might embrace each other and give vent to our tears! Our emotions were so lively, that we could not articulate more than monosyllables, or a few unconnected words.—all of a sudden and in the midst of this general effusion of the most tender sentiments, Le Dru made us laugh by the violence of his transports.—I was placed on the front seat of the carriage between the Abbé and him, he hugged me with such violence, that it took away my breath, at the same time, he sobbed like an infant, and I had a great deal of trouble to compose him; he, however, did not over-act his part, it was exactly what he felt. But I have always remarked, that, when persons among the lower classes, without education, and whose natural character has not been modified by an intercourse with the world, experience lively emoti-

ons, they express them by demonstrations and with a vehemence, that are never found in a higher sphere, where people are more apt to be restrained by reason and a delicate sense of propriety. Civilization extends and refines sensibility; imparts an infinity of shades and a delicacy of feeling, which constitute by turns the charm or torment of life.

The common people rarely feel *in detail*,—it is only in a body or by starts; their passions and affections are either concentrated or tumultuous; is a woman of that class in anger, she utters loud cries· is her heart touched, her sobs almost suffocate; does she admire any one, her enthusiasm produces a species of intoxication!......This was the effect that I again saw on arriving at the hotel de Velmas. The waiting maid of Edelie and another faithful domestic, made the hall resound with such boisterous expressions of joy, at the sight of her, that we were not only stunned, but absolutely alarmed by it.—The formers

agitation ended by her falling down in a convulsive fit, which continued more than half an hour, before we could bring her to her senses.—This scene contributed not a little to confirm the aversion which I always naturally had for all inordinate emotions of the soul, especially in women.—At length, we proceeded to take our seats in Edelie's study, and, as she had not been brought to trial, she found all her furniture and even the family portraits which the faithful Victoria had withdrawn from the destructive inquisition of the commissaries; the valet de chambre had also put her plate out of the way of their rapacity, so that she had lost nothing.

How delightful it was to behold Edelie restored to her home, tranquilly seated in the chair, where I had so many times seen her! With what rapture did I not meet her tender regards, and hear her sighs, for she still sighed, while the deepest melancholy was pourtrayed in her countenance.

An hour before supper Durand, Florbel and the Baron d' Hermilly came in. Edelie and Madame de Palmis were questioned anew about what they had suffered in prison; and I listened, with the same emotion as at first, to Edelie repeating all she had already told us.

After supper M. d' Hermilly was also interrogated in his turn. He had been successively transferred to almost all the prisons in Paris.—This recital was not long, but it was filled with such interesting anecdotes, that I think, the reader will be gratified by my repeating them in this place. The chevalier's story was pretty nearly as follows:—

I am old, have read much, and before the pretended modern philosophers had become powerful enough to overturn the government, the study of good works of great purity, had taught me to despise tyranny, arbitrary power, and consequently to love liberty; but I did not consider it of a solid and true character, unless founded upon morality. I was

persuaded that this noble conquest could not be achieved by impiety, which has no other means to seduce and mislead, than loosing all these ties which keep the passions within salutary bounds.

I was besides convinced, that if the deputies of 1789, had respected religion and drawn the noblest ideas, which the human mind could conceive, against oppression, tyranny, and arbitrary power, from the books wherein those eternal principles are found in their just proportion, the Holy Scriptures, the works of Bossuet Mascaron, Massillon, Telemachus, and the characters of La Bruyere; if the representatives of the nation had looked for (as the Philosophers did) some new lights upon political economy, and the administration of the finances, from the writings of the *Economists*, who belonged to a party, that had never shown themselves guilty of irreligion; if they had taken from the *ancient* English constitution, that which was suitable to the ge, nious of our government; if, in fine-

under a King, who was the friend of justice and of peace, they had followed up with consistency and firmness, a system so wise and magnificent, nothing would have been wanting to the splendour and dignity of their mission, to the authority of their debates, the solidity of their work, and the glory of their success ! I desired the reform of abuses ; but when I beheld the majority of our *representatives* transformed into *conspirators*, I foresaw great misfortunes ; I was seventy years of age, in a bad state of health, I retired to my estate fifty leagues from Paris. I had done some good there and was popular, this did not however prevent me from being denounced as an *Aristocrat and Fanatic* by the missionary-deputies.

They took me away from amongst my tenants, and carried me to Paris, where I was confined in the Abbey.—Some days afterwards the massacres, in the prisons, commenced : on the third of September 1792, at ten o'clock in the morn-

ing ; a great number of prisoners already assembled together in a place, which had been consecrated of old, and was once the chapel of the Abbey, now become a prison; the pulpit of this chapel formed a tolerably large balcony, surrounding the centre of the dome.——All of a sudden, we heard a door open above our heads, and raising our eyes, we saw two venerable old men.—The Abbé de Rastignac and Lenfant, the oldest supporting himself by the railing, addressed us in these words: *My brethren! we are the ministers of the God of mercy, and announce to you that, we are all on the eve of being immolated; deserve, like us, by resignation, the palm of martyrdom; kneel, therefore, and receive our final benediction.*—At these words, an electric movement precipitated us all on our knees, with our hands clasped together, our eyes fixed upon those ministering angels; we received with equal fervency and devotion the proffered be-

nediction. It is impossible to describe the sensation, which this sublime act of christian charity produced upon us, at the moment, when those who gave it were about to be delivered into the hands of their murderers :—The most cold hearted and sceptical, as well as the most ardent and faithful received the same impression on this awful occasion.

A quarter of an hour afterwards, these worthy ecclesiastics were put to death, and we heard their cries! I had the happiness, together with the Chevalier de Meard, to escape this horrible massacre ; I was, at the same time, liberated from prison and restored to my home ; but in about a fortnight after, I was again denounced, arrested and shut up in another prison, which had formerly been the College du Plessis ; when brought up there, I cannot express to you what I felt, on finding myself in that spot, now become so gloomy and sorrowful, where the happy days of my infancy had glided

away! when I walked about with the other prisoners in the vast court of this sad receptacle, what emotions did I not experience, in recalling the games, the amusements, and ingenuous joys of early life! In the place of those pleasures so pure, that gaiety so free, bent under the weight of age, I was lost even to hope; —and looked forward to nothing, but a painful captivity; to judges equally without pity and justice: finally, to an inevitable death under its most ignominious form!—I heard nothing but sighs and groans; while my companions only consisted of unfortunate beings, who, above all, on account of their youth, affections, and ties of kindred were still infinitely more to be pitied than myself. —I was witness in this place to a very affecting scene: that heroine of all feeling hearts, Mademoiselle de Sombreuil, after having had the glory, at the hazard of her life, to rescue her father from the hands of assassins, had the misfortune to see

him again brought back to the prison of du Plessis.—Sustaining her admirable character throughout, she shut herself up there, voluntarily, that she might attend upon him.--Here she became instantly acquainted with Madame de Rosambo, When that Lady was conducted to the scaffold with her illustrious father, M. de Malesherbes, in crossing the court of the prison, she percieved Mademoiselle de Sombreuil weeping; going up to the latter, she embraced her, and said:—*You have had the happiness of saving your father, and I shall have the consolation of dying with mine.* As I should never have done, were I to relate half the interesting scenes which passed before my eyes, I shall only cite the most striking.

In a short time after, I know not from what caprice, they transferred me to the Luxembourg; but for the dreadful consternation which reigned in this palace, I should have fancied myself at Versailles on a court-day, for nearly all

the ancient court was assembled within its walls: it was there, that I saw the young and beautiful Princess Joseph de Monaco, prefer a cruel death rather than be guilty of a dishonourable falsehood.— The Duchess de Grammont, who, rather than risk compromising her physician, would not profit by the attestation of a pretended malady, which he signed and gave to her, in order to prevent her being sent to prison.—She received and read this writing with emotion, then threw it into the fire, saying: *Nothing shall tempt me to endanger the life of a friend for the sake of saving my own.*—It was she also, who, before the fatal tribunal, defying her wicked judges, took advantage of the astonishment which her intrepidity created among them, to defend with heroic eloquence her virtuous friend, Madame du Chatelet.—It was there that I passed several months with the angelic Duchess de Lauzun, forty years of age, and still so beautiful! who in this

terrible captivity, made us admire, just as in the most brilliant days of her youth, that gentleness, modesty and piety which formed her fine character, and rendered her whole life so pure and perfect.—A play upon words, as ingenious as it was witty, and recalled many years afterwards, formed the principal accusation, which caused her being condemned to die. A long time before the reign of terror, in the earliest stages of the revolution, Madame de Lauzun being at the play, was observed, and some jacobins (*more forward* than the majority of them in those days) who happened to be in the pit, learning that this charming woman was *a Duchess*, wished to seize this occassion to signalize their patriotism: pursuant to this design, they, with insulting cries, threw several oranges into her box.—However, the sentinels soon repressed this excess.—Some minutes after, M. de la Fayette entered the box, when Madame de Lauzun presented the

oranges to him, observing, *behold the first fruits of the revolution*!—In 1793 these words appeared to be worthy of death! I saw all those persons given up to the revolutionary executioner, with a crowd of other nobles, meriting the eternal regrets of those who survived them! The courageous interference and humanity of the friends whom I now see, have preserved me from the same wretched fate. Gratitude ought therefore to mitigate the horrors of my recollections, and diffuse the most affecting consolation over the few remaining days, so miraculously reserved for me, and which I shall unceasingly consecrate to that sentiment.—I have, at least, proved that there are humane and virtuous men in all parties, and that if the spirit of faction permitted them to come forward, and show their natural character, a mild philanthropy would soon unite them for the establishment of order, peace and the public good.—

Such was the narrative of the Citizen d'Hermilly; but it did not conclude the evening, as each of us had yet so many things to relate; and numerous inquiries to make! The most minute details had in fact such an interest for all present, that we did not seperate till day-break, it was then only with the promise to meet the next day, and pass the whole of it together

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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